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A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE, &c.

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OF THE

GOVERNMENTS AND MANNERS

OF THOSE

CANTONS

WITH COMPARATIVE SKETCHES

OF

THE PRESENT STATE OF PARIS.

By *HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.*

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BRITAN
NICVM

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By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

VOL. I.

PREFACE.

IN preſenting to the Public a View of Switzerland, a country of which ſo much has been already written, it may perhaps become me to clear myſelf from the charge of preſumption. The deſcriptive parts of this journal were rapidly traced with the ardor of a fond imagination, eager to ſeize the vivid colouring of the moment ere it fled, and give permanence to the emotions of admiration, while the ſolemn enthuſiaſm beat high in my boſom; but when the ſenſations excited by thoſe views of majeſtic grandeur had ſubſided, I recollected, with regret, that the paths which I had delighted

to tread had been trodden before; and that the objects on which I had gazed with aſtoniſhment had been already deſcribed. It is true, that the ſketch I have penciled of that ſublime ſcenery, however rude, will be found to be an original drawing, copied from nature, and not from books; yet I ſhould ſcarcely have preſumed to obtrude that unfiniſhed outline on the public eye, if the other parts of my journal offered nothing new to its obſervation. It is the preſent moral ſituation of Switzerland that juſtifies the appearance of theſe volumes, in which an attempt is made to trace the important effects which the French Revolution has produced in that country, and which are about to unfold a new æra in its hiſtory. The governments of Switzerland, placed within reach of the electrical fire of that Revolution, flaſhing around all their borders, behold the ſubtle ſpark, which finds a conductor in the human heart, eſcaping be-

yond its preſcribed limits, and feel its ſtrong concuſſion in every agitated nerve.

I have endeavoured to give an additional intereſt to my journal, by connecting the view of the manners and cuſtoms of the Swiſs towns, with a comparative picture of the preſent ſtate of Paris; and I offer this Work to the Public with far leſs hope from the experience of its paſt indulgence, than ſolicitude to obtain its future favor.

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CHAP. I.

Introduction.—Motives of my Journey to Switzerland.—Road from Paris to Baſil.—Baſil.—Reflections on Switzerland.—Diſpoſitions and Occupations of the Inhabitants of Baſil.—Manners.—Smoaking Clubs.—Female Societies.—Public Amuſements.

DURING the period of that new ſpecies of tyranny which aſſumed the name of revolutionary government, I was not merely involved in the common danger which threatened every individual in France, but had claims to particular proſcription. It was not only remembered by many of the ſatellites of Robeſpierre, that I had been the friend of the

Gironde, of Madame Roland, martyred names which it was death to pronounce, but that I had written a work, publiſhed in England, in which I had traced, without reſerve, the characters of our oppreſſors; whoſe ferocious purpoſes I had often heard developed with the glowing eloquence of Vergniaud, and the indignant energy of La Source. No danger could be more imminent than that of living under the very tyranny which I had the perilous honour of having been one of the firſt to deprecate, and to proclaim.

In this ſituation an opportunity preſented itſelf of obtaining a paſſport for Switzerland —A paſſport!—they who can judge of all the bleſſedneſs that word unfolds, are not thoſe who, at a ſafe diſtance from the government of Robeſpierre, have heard of its terrific influence, but thoſe who were placed within its ſavage graſp. Alas! at the moment

ment of my eſcape, how many, immured in the dungeons of the tyrant, vainly wiſhed to purchaſe, at the price of all they poſſeſſed, the privilege of forſaking a country, compoſed only of executioners and of victims!

The road from Paris to Baſil leads for the moſt part along a level country, which diſplays a picture of fertility, but few ſcenes of beauty or grandeur, except a branch of the Voſges, which we traverſed near Belfort, and whoſe ſwelling mountains, preſenting faint traces of thoſe we were going to contemplate, we ſaw bounding our horizon, and ſtretching along the plains of Alſace.

I found Baſil crouded with ſtrangers of all ranks, and all nations, being, at that period, when general hoſtility had barred the paſſes from one country to another, al-

moſt the only ſpot left open for the tranſactions of commerce, the aſylum of the fugitives, and the dawning negociations of peace.

The firſt view of Switzerland awakened my enthuſiaſm moſt powerfully—"At length," thought I, "am I going to contemplate that intereſting country, of which I have never heard without emotion!—I am going to gaze upon images of nature, images of which the idea has ſo often ſwelled my imagination, but which my eyes have never yet beheld.—I am going to repoſe my wearied ſpirit on thoſe ſublime objects!—to ſooth my deſponding heart with the hope that the moral diſorder I have witneſſed ſhall be rectified, while I gaze on nature in all her admirable perfections; and how delightful a tranſition ſhall I find in the picture of ſocial happineſs which Switzerland preſents! I ſhall no longer ſee

liberty profaned and violated; here ſhe ſmiles upon the hills, and decorates the vallies, and finds, in the uncorrupted ſimplicity of this people, a firmer barrier than in the craggineſs of their rocks, or the ſnows of their Glaciers!"

Such were my meditations when I firſt ſet my foot on the ſoil of Switzerland; the ſcenery of the country more than fulfilled the glowing promiſe of imagination. With reſpect to the character and manners of the people, a reſidence of ſeveral weeks at Baſil ſomewhat chilled my enthuſiaſm; I had frequent opportunities of mixing in their ſocieties, and diſcerned neither the love of arts, of literature, of liberty, or of any earthly good, but money—I heard of nothing but the comparative value of louis, and aſſignats; and if I had not ſeen the Rhine rolling its turbulent waves majeſtically by the windows, I might have fan-

cied myſelf in 'Change-alley, or the Perron of the Palais Royal.

But if I was diſappointed, it was perhaps my own fault, or rather the fault of former travellers. Warmed with enthuſiaſm for the natural beauties of the country, fancy, which loves the dreams of happineſs and perfection, has delighted to aſſociate with thoſe enchanting ſcenes the charm of congenial ſociety; and to connect with the ſublime landſcape the higher qualities of mind. Imagination places ſtock-jobbers and uſurers with as much reluctance amidſt the grandeur of Swiſs ſcenery, as it would fill with a miſhapen Gothic image the niche of a Grecian temple. It muſt be indeed admitted, that the love of gold is a taſte pretty generally diffuſed throughout Europe; that neither the inhabitants of Paris nor of London can be taxed with any remarkable indifference for riches; nor have wealthy perſons

in either of thoſe capitals any reaſon to complain of the neglect of their fellow citizens. But although the people of moſt countries are, with reſpect to the reſearches of gain, burghers of Baſil, during the hours of the morning, the evening at leaſt is devoted to amuſement, to ſocial pleaſure, to friendſhip, to ſome object that cheers, or ſooths the heart, and the projects of intereſt are laid aſide till the morrow. At Baſil alone, the toils of trade find no relaxation; they begin with the day, but do not finiſh at its cloſe; ſince even the hours of recreation are made ſubſervient to the views of intereſt; and the only ſpecies of amuſement in which the burghers of that city indulge themſelves, is one at which they can arrange their commercial dealings, ſtrike bargains, and vigorouſly purſue that main chance which appears to be, their "being's end, and aim."

With thoſe views, the men have formed themſelves into different ſocieties, called *tabagies*, or ſmoking-clubs, becauſe all the members ſmoke moſt furiouſly. Each club is compoſed of nearly the ſame age, a cuſtom to which the love of equality perhaps gave riſe, but which is obſerved to be extremely prejudicial to the manners of the young men of Baſil, by excluding all forms of deference and politeneſs, as well as all means of improvement. With reſpect to theſe things, there is indeed nothing peculiar to the clubs of Baſil; ſince from Brooke's, compoſed of the honourable members of the Britiſh parliament, to theſe tabagies, filled with the ſenators of the laudable Helvetic Body, a man who has long frequented ſuch meetings becomes entirely unfit for all other ſociety; he ſoon thinks it an hardſhip to paſs an evening elſewhere, and terms all other company conſtraint, becauſe it wants the eaſe of a tavern, where tumult is miſtaken

for gaiety, and familiarity for friendſhip. But while in other places the taſte for clubs is confined to a few perſons, Baſil is a town of clubbiſts, containing no leſs than twelve ſmoking ſocieties, each compoſed of about ſixty members, who meet every afternoon at an early hour, drink tea amidſt the exhilarating fumes of tobacco, diſcuſs the political ſituation, but far more indefatigably the commercial affairs of the town, calculate the gains and loſſes of the day, form new ſchemes of acquiring wealth, and ſeparate at the hour of ſupper before they have ſaid one word on any ſubject of taſte, or literature.

The ladies of Baſil, abandoned by the men, have recourſe to clubs alſo, and ſometimes twenty ladies aſſemble together without one man being of the party, although to ſuch as preſent themſelves, admittance, far from being refuſed, is even gratefully accorded;

corded; and ſometimes a ſtranger taking advantage of the poſture of affairs at Baſil, which leads a coterie of young handſome women to conſider his company as a favour, pays his homage to the ladies, while clouds of other incenſe are riſing in every quarter of the town from the tabagies where their abſent huſbands are convened.

The female ſocieties of Baſil are formed from infancy of children of the ſame age, and of the ſame claſs; and during their childhood, the equality of years is ſo ſtrictly obſerved in theſe ſocieties, that ſiſters, whoſe ages differ three or four years, have their ſeparate coteries in the ſame houſe. There is ſomething ſoothing in the idea of theſe infant aſſociations; it ſeems forming another barrier for our helpleſs ſex, againſt the future tempeſts of the world; and no doubt many a fair member of theſe young ſocieties, when aſſailed by thoſe ſtorms of misfortune,

fortune, which often beat with the moſt pitileſs fury againſt hearts that can leaſt reſiſt their violence, recalls with tender regret the ſocial circle of her childhood; and perhaps finds in the ſympathy of ſome female companion, to whom ſhe is endeared by the charm of thoſe early recollections, a ſource of conſolation and relief. The young unmarried women, and the dowagers, have all their diſtinct circles, ſometimes increaſed by the admiſſion of ſiſters-in-law, who become part of the family, and ſometimes by the introduction of accidental acquaintances.

They aſſemble by invitation ſucceſſively at each other's houſes, uſually at three in the afternoon; an hour which, though morning with reſpect to dinner, and all the buſy occupations of life at London and Paris, finds the day far advanced at Baſil; where dinner is ſerved, when it is noon, by the clocks of that city, which, for ſeveral centuries

turies paſt, have kept the van-guard of time, and for ſome reaſon, forgotten in the lapſe of ages, probably becauſe not worth being remembered, ſtrike twelve in defiance of common ſenſe and convenience, when the ſolar ſhadow points eleven.

The ladies preſent themſelves at their coteries with their work-bags upon their arms, and work and converſation begin together; the latter turns, as in other uninſtructed minds, upon the every-day goſſip of ordinary life. When the domeſtic detail of houſhold anecdote, and the tattle of town ſcandal fail, they haſten to cards—what other reſource is left? Time cannot be filled up, as it often is in mixed ſocieties, by the flutter of coquetry, and the arts of affectation on one ſide, and by the offices of galantry, or the ſtare of libertiniſm on the other.

"Where none admire, 'tis uſeleſs to excel;
"Where none are Beaux, 'tis vain to be a Belle."

At

At these assemblies the place of honor is at the window, to which in every house at Basil convex mirrors are fixed, and give a view of all that is passing in the streets to a considerable distance. These mirrors, consulted every moment by the ladies of Basil, not to view themselves, but their neighbours, would have furnished Thomson, had he lived in that city, with another image in his castle of indolence, of the means of murdering time.

Tea is brought at four in the afternoon, accompanied by an handsome collation, consisting of pastry, fruits, creams, and sweetmeats, and often of ham, and other cold meats. This substantial kind of refreshment is not found unacceptable after a very copious dinner, and with the perspective of a solid supper; the Swiss in general being possessed of a most powerful appetite, perhaps arising from the keenness of their

mountain

mountain air. A dull game of commerce drags on the lingering hours till eight in the evening, when the ladies ſeparate, after a profuſion of compliments, which they have not yet relinquiſhed for the French mode of gliding out of the room.

Sometimes their Liege-Lords, the clubbiſts, make a ſacrifice of one dear evening of ſmoke and ſtock-jobbing, to the women; on theſe gala occaſions, the card-party concludes with a ſupper, ſufficiently luxurious, but which might be more amuſing; and as the law forbids any carriages to roll through the ſtreets after eleven, the company uſually ſeparate at that hour.

Fathers and mothers of families, who have children married, fix one day of the week, which they call *leur jour de famille*, when all their offspring aſſemble at their houſe at dinner, ſometimes to the fourth, fifth,

fifth, and even ſixth generation; for the women marry very young, and not long ſince there were not leſs than ſix ladies in Baſil, whoſe grand-children were grand-mothers. There is ſomething reſpectable, and even affecting in theſe patriarchal meetings; they ſeem a means of drawing cloſer thoſe ties of conſanguinity which are the beſt refuge againſt human ills; in which the pureſt affections of the heart mingle themſelves with the wants and weakneſs of our nature; guiding with watchful tenderneſs the wanderings of youth, and ſupporting with unwearied care the feebleneſs of age.

The public amuſements of Baſil were ſuſpended by the magiſtrates, we were told, on account of the public calamities; the chief of which was the dearneſs of proviſions: an evil the more eaſily to be borne, as the town was then reaping an abundant

abundant harveſt of gold from the calamities of other countries. Once a week indeed, the dulneſs of a card aſſembly was permitted to replace that of the coteries; and an occaſional concert harmonized the ſoul; but dancing was a diverſion too light for the times, and even a ſet of dancing-dogs, offending againſt the ſtatute, were formally expelled by the *Chaſſe-Coquin*, probably in conſequence of the general order of the Commiſſion of Six, inſtituted at that period for clearing the town of unprofitable ſtrangers.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Comparative View of the Spirit of Commerce in France, before, and ſince the Revolution.—Paper Syſtem.—Female Traders and Contractors.

IN France, a country ſo near Switzerland in its geographical ſituation, but ſo diſtinct in the character and diſpoſition of the people, things in this reſpect are managed better; and although the French are lately become in ſome ſort alſo a nation of uſurers and ſtock-jobbers, their mode of toiling for wealth, and their mode of ſpending it, are altogether different from the plodding uſages of their neighbours.

The revolution which deſtroyed monarchy in France, overthrew at the ſame time the empire of ancient prejudices and habits. Before that event, vanity was the governing ſpring of French action, and the principal aim, and aliment of that vanity, was

rank and titles. A trader only laboured to procure juſt money enough to purchaſe a charge of treaſurer of France, or *ſecretaire du roi*, and when thus honourably ennobled, conſidered it as beneath his dignity to continue any longer that commerce which had ſerved as the ſtep-ladder to his elevation.

But the ſcene is now reverſed. Nobility exiſts no longer, and opinions have undergone as great a revolution as titles and fortunes. The poor are enriched; the rich are impoveriſhed; labour is become neceſſary; induſtry flouriſhes on the ruins of vanity; and, as the impetuous French are ever in extremes, their ancient diſdain of mercantile occupations is ſucceeded by a ſort of rage for commerce. To this new fury they are animated, not only by the call of neceſſity, but by the deſire of enjoyment. This people, the ever ardent lovers of pleaſure, pant to repair thoſe mo-

ments

ments of terror and desolation which were lost to their accustomed, their beloved gaieties. They seek amusement with new eagerness, and the dangers which they find attendant on a revolution, only serve to attach them more to the present moment, on the Epicurean principle of uncertainty respecting the future.

Immense commercial resources are found in the fertility, the extent, the situation, and the wants of the French Republic; but nothing can be more amusing than the various whimsical directions into which the active, restless genius of the people, have turned their present rage for traffic. All grasp at something strange, and something great; a new world seems opening to their view, and which all model after their own fashion. Every man has seized upon some profound discovery, some happy speculation, which will infallibly pour forth an

ever-flowing ſtream of inexhauſtible wealth. When one chimera fails, another ſwiftly ſprings up; all is "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble;" ſpurred by hope, or goaded by want, every man mounts the hobby-horſe of his imagination, and whips it up to ſome marvellous atchievement.

One citizen frames ſtoves of paper more durable than braſs or ſteel; another erects mills that ſcorn the aid of fire, wind, or water; another extracts new chemical ſubſtances, which, when applied to commerce, are to produce riches beyond the viſions of the alchemiſts. All announce that they have ſet their inventive talents upon the anvil, merely for the good of their country; and as the ideas which the revolution has awakened, have given every individual in France ſome floating notions of his own importance, every man, however ignorant or miſtaken, boldly brings forward his in-

fallible

fallible plan, inſiſts upon his right of being heard by his fellow-citizens, and calls upon every capitaliſt to haſten to him with his funds, and calculate, if he can, the enormous maſs of intereſt with which the wings of every moment will be loaded.

Thoſe who decline ſetting up as inventors, and enlightening the world by diſcoveries, although they refuſe to travel through unknown tracts of commercial enterprize, at leaſt engage in more beaten paths of gain. Throughout the wide extent of the Republic, Gothic abbies are transformed into manufactories, cloiſters become work-ſhops, chapels are converted into warehouſes, the receſſes of ſolitary ſuperſtition are invaded, and the hollow echoes of the long-reſounding aiſles, which were once only reſponſive to the ſolemn ſlow-breathed chant, now repeat the rude

diſſonance of the workman's tools. A ſtrange confuſion of images is excited in the mind by the preſent contemplation of theſe antique edifices, which imagination has been accuſtomed to appropriate to congenial inhabitants, pacing ſilently along their vaulted paſſages in floating garments, inſtead of which you now meet the bare-armed, brawny artificer, and all ideas of ſolemn ſtillneſs vaniſh amidſt the rude gabble of his noiſy brood. No doubt an artiſan is far more uſeful than a monk, but he looks much leſs pictureſque when placed beneath a ruined arch, and gazed at in perſpective.

While ſpeculators in the country are converting abbies into manufactories, ſpeculators in Paris are perhaps, on a ſurer principle of calculation, transforming palaces into reſorts of public amuſement, ſo new, ſo various, and ſo Grecian in all their plans

and

and deſignations, that to trace a ſlight ſketch of them will require one of our whole following chapters.

The ſyſtem of paper-money contributed to cheriſh the new ſpirit of ſpeculation in France, by ſuffering the imagination to rove amidſt ideal regions of viſionary wealth. The moſt trifling purchaſe or tranſaction, at that period, had ſomething in it of ſounding greatneſs; a pair of ſhoes coſt a thouſand livres, an ell of ribband five hundred; and as the women in France have even more active ſpirits than the men, every lady who had fifty, or a hundred thouſand livres in her pocket-book, conſidered herſelf as a ſort of capitaliſt; and hearing inceſſantly from all parts, and in all directions, that commerce was the infallible road to wealth, immediately ſet up with thoſe ſolid funds ſome ſpecies of trade. One lady provided

herſelf with a cargo of pocket handkerchiefs, another with an aſſortment of ſhoes; ſome ſold tallow-candles, ſome wax; ſome dealt in powder, and others in ſnuff; but all had their little traffic, all were animated by the ſame reſtleſs ſpirit of gain. This ſpecies of commerce, however, was of fleeting duration. Sterne has obſerved, that Frenchmen conceive, better than they combine; ſtill more juſtly may this obſervation be applied to French women; who, when they became adventurers in the new world of traffic, exulted in the rapid augmentation of their wealth; and were aſtoniſhed to find that the merchandize, which was to replace the ſtock, could no longer be purchaſed with the ſame capital; till at length they diſcovered, that their magnificent commercial profits were a ſort of fairy-gold, which, when touched, turned to ſand; and that it was not

the

the merchandize which had increaſed in price, but the aſſignats that had diminiſhed in value.

A few of the moſt beautiful, and the moſt intriguing of the fair Pariſians, became the agents and emiſſaries of their friends, lovers, or huſbands, in the public offices; and the marine, the war, and the home-departments, were filled with female contractors and negociators, who, for the moſt part, found that republican committees made no better defence than poliſhed courts, againſt the formidable artillery of bright eyes, gay ſmiles, lively ſallies, and animated graces; artillery which French women know better how to wield, than the women of any other country. Miniſters and commiſſaries felt the energy of arguments uttered by ruby lips, and the claims of a petition offered by a ſoft hand, of which the naked well-ſhaped arm was

grace-

gracefully ſtretched out; and, upon the whole, the women of France, to whom, by the Conſtitutional Act, all rights have been denied, find that they ſtill hold a tolerably deſpotic empire over their lords and maſters, the ſovereign people.

Of a different claſs from theſe female negociators and merchants, were thoſe women, who, once poſſeſſed of all that rank and fortune could beſtow, were now reduced to ſupply the preſſing wants of the moment, by a melancholy ſpecies of traffic; by ſelling various pieces of ornamental needle-work, which they had once been taught to execute as an amuſement, or by making a profeſſion of thoſe arts which they had once acquired as the accompliſhments of an elegant education. Above all, drawing has proved an uſeful reſource in theſe circumſtances. Many a lady has found in her pencil, a means of ſubſiſtence for herſelf and family; many

many a finiſhed landſcape, deſtined to grace a cryſtal *boudoir*, or decorate a gilded pavillion, has ſerved to furniſh the fair artiſt with the cruſt of bread which, in ſome lonely garret, ſhe moiſtens with her tears. What a long and mournful page of tranſitions the domeſtic annals of a revolution contain!

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Amuſements of Paris.—Balls.—Feſtivals.—Supper given by a Contractor.—Dreſs.—Parallel between a Contractor and a Stock-holder.—New Ariſtocracy.—Modern Royaliſts.—Odeon.—Bals à la Victime.—Tivoli.—Elyſium.—Bagatelle and other Public Gardens.—Glaciers of Paris.

IF the morning at Paris is devoted to buſineſs, the evening at leaſt belongs to pleaſure: over thoſe hours ſhe holds an undivided empire, but is worſhipped at innumerable altars, and hailed by ever-varying rituals.

During the laſt winter the amuſements of twenty-four theatres, which were opened every night, were every night ſucceeded by public and private balls, in ſuch numbers, that there were no leſs than two thouſand ball-rooms inſcribed on the regiſters of the police, which keeps its wakeful vigils over every ſort of amuſement, in all their gradations, from the bright blaze of waxen tapers which diſplays the charms of nymphs dreſſed

dreſſed *à la ſauvage*, or *à la grec*, who grace the ſplendid ball *de Richlieu*; to the oily lamp which lights up the ſeventh ſtory; or the vaulted cellar, where the blind fidler's animating ſcrape calls the ſovereign people to the cotillon of wooden ſhoes.

Theſe two thouſand ball-rooms of the capital afford ample proof that no revolution has taken place in the manners of the French, and that they are ſtill a dancing nation. They have indeed of late fully demonſtrated to the world that they are capable of greater things; and that when the energies of their ſouls are called forth, they can follow Buonaparte acroſs the bridge of Lodi; but when their minds return to their natural poſition, every barrack has a room appropriated for dancing, and the heroes of Arcole, as well as the *muſcadins* of Paris,

"All knit hands, and beat the ground
"In a light fantaſtic round."

The

The fetes of the court, it is aſſerted by the few perſons remaining in France, by whom they were frequented, were but tawdry ſplendour compared with the claſſical elegance which prevails at the fetes of our republican contractors. As a ſpecimen of theſe private balls, I ſhall trace a ſhort ſketch of a dance lately given by one of the furniſhers of ſtores for fleets and armies, in his ſpacious hotel, where all the furniture, in compliance with the preſent faſhion at Paris, is antique; where all that is not Greek is Roman; where ſtately ſilken beds, maſſy ſophas, worked tapeſtry, and gilt ornaments, are thrown aſide as rude Gothic magnificence, and every couch reſembles that of Pericles, every chair thoſe of Cicero; where every wall is finiſhed in arabeſque, like the baths of Titus, and every table, upheld by Caſtors and Polluxes, is covered with Athenian buſts and Etruſcan vaſes; where that modern piece of furniture a clock is

concealed

concealed beneath the claſſic bar of Phœbus, and the dancing hours; and every chimney-iron is ſupported by a Sphinx, or a Griffin. The dreſs of his female viſitors was in perfect harmony with the furniture of his hotel; for although the Pariſian ladies are not ſuſpected of any obſtinate attachment to Grecian modes of government, they are moſt rigid partizans of Grecian modes of dreſs, adorned like the contemporaries of Aſpaſia—the looſe light drapery, the naked arm, the bare boſom, the ſandaled feet, the circling zone, the golden chains, the twiſting treſſes, all diſplay the moſt inflexible conformity to the laws of republican coſtume. The moſt faſhionable hair-dreſſer of Paris, in order to accommodate himſelf to the claſſical taſte of his fair cuſtomers, is provided with a variety of antique buſts as models; and when he waits on a lady, enquires if ſhe chuſes to be dreſt that day *à la Cleopatre, la Dianne,* or *la*

Pſyche? Sometimes the changeful nymph is a veſtal, ſometimes a Venus; but the laſt rage has been the *Niobé*, of late fat and lean, gay and grave, old and young, have been all *à la Niobé*; and the many-curled periwig, thrown aſide by the faſhionable claſs, now decorates the heads of pretty ſhop-keepers.

The fair Grecians being determined not to injure the contour of fine forms by ſuperfluous incumbrances, no faſhionable lady at Paris wears any pockets, and the inconvenience of being without is obviated by ſticking her fan in her belt, ſliding in a flat purſe of morocco leather, only large enough to contain a few louis, at the ſide of her neck, and giving her ſnuff-box and her pocket-handkerchief to the care of the gentleman who attends her, and to whom ſhe applies for them whenever ſhe has occaſion.

For a ſhort time during the winter, in defiance of froſt and ſnow, the coſtume of a few reigning belles was not *à la grec*, but *à la ſauvage*. To be dreſſed *à la ſauvage*, was to have all that part of the frame which was not left uncovered clad in a light drapery of fleſh colour. The boddice under which no linen was worn (ſhifts being an article of dreſs long ſince rejected at Paris, both by the Greeks and the Savages) the boddice was made of knitted ſilk, clinging exactly to the ſhape, which it perfectly diſplayed; the petticoat was on one ſide twiſted up by a light feſtoon; and the feet, which were either bare or covered with a ſilk ſtocking of fleſh colour, ſo woven as to draw upon the toes like a glove upon the fingers, were decorated with diamonds. Theſe gentle ſavages, however, found themſelves ſo rudely treated whenever they appeared, by the ſovereign multitude, that at length the faſhions of Otaheite were thrown

aſide, and Greece remains the ſtanding order of the day.

But to return to the contractor, and his ball—after ſeveral hours had paſt in dancing cotillons, which the young women of Paris perform with a degree of perfection—a light nymphiſh grace unſeen elſewhere—and after the waltze, which is now never forgotten at a Paris ball, had proved that the ſteady heads of Niobés were not to be made giddy, the company were led to a ſupper furniſhed with Eaſtern magnificence, and decorated with attic taſte. After ſupper the folding doors of the ſaloon were thrown open to a garden of conſiderable extent, beautifully illuminated with coloured lamps, and its trees bending with laviſh cluſters of fruits of every ſeaſon, and every climate, formed of ice, while fountains poured forth ſtreams of orgeat, lemonade, and liqueurs.

But

But while theſe imitators of Greece and Rome are revelling in Aſiatic luxury, you hear them lamenting moſt pathetically the ſubverſion of the ancient regime; that regime, which would at leaſt have had thus much of juſtice, that it would have retained theſe perſonages in the anti-chambers of the ſaloons they now occupy; to which anti-chambers they would with a counter-revolution moſt probably return. One is obliged to offer up an invocation to patience, when condemned to liſten to their declamations againſt that new order of things to which ſolely they owe their elevation.

There is indeed one claſs of perſons, before whoſe complaints of the revolution, however bitter, the mind humbles itſelf in ſympathetic ſorrow. The poor *rentier*, while he ſips his Spartan black-broth, which he is forced to procure by parting, in ſad gradation, with all the relicks of his

former ſplendour, with watches, rings, furniture, and clothes: he indeed, if he complains, is to be pitied, and if he forbears complaint, is to be revered! But alas, there is ſo much of tragical detail in the pages of the *great book*; a thing which has long ſince been called a great evil, that we muſt give it at leaſt a whole chapter to itſelf.

At preſent I ſhall only obſerve, that the reign of terror has acted upon this country like ſome mighty peſtilence, which not only ſweeps away devoted millions in its fury, but leaves an obnoxious taint upon every object where it has paſſed. The reign of terror has given a fatal wound to the energies of public ſpirit; ordinary minds have miſtaken the execrable abuſes of liberty for an effect of the generous principle itſelf: the victims of revolutionary government have lifted up their complaining voice; all the emotions of ſympathy, and all the feel-

ings

ings of indignation have been called forth; and the partizans of the ancient regime have left no art unpractiſed, no ſeduction untried, to take advantage of theſe diſpoſitions in favor of their own ſyſtem.

Thoſe who have been too rapidly enriched by the revolution have endeavoured to hide the obſcurity of their origin, by mimicking the tones of thoſe who have titles and honors to regret, till ariſtocracy has deſcended ſo low, that it will ſoon perhaps be exploded, like any other faſhion, when taken up by the vulgar. Many of the fair wives of titled emigrants, or blooming widows of murdered nobles, who have made ſuch ſecond marriages, that we might well apoſtrophize them in the language of Hamlet:

"Such an act
"That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
"Calls virtue hypocrite,
"Makes marriage vows
"As falſe as Dicers' oaths."

Theſe very ladies, who have taught their new-made Liege-Lords to ape their counter-revolutionary follies, will at length be aſhamed of their ariſtocracy, when they find how ſucceſsfully they are rivalled in thoſe ſentiments by their milliners and mantua-makers. A writer of a late political pamphlet has given an admirable reaſon why our Pariſian belles will ſoon lay aſide the tone of eternal lamentations for the overthrow of deſpotiſm. "Seven years," ſays he, "have already elapſed ſince the epocha of the revolution: ſeven years is a period of ſome length in the hiſtory of a youthful beauty, and a lady will ſoon not be able to regret the monarchy under the penalty of paſſing for old." I believe every perſon who has ſtudied the female heart, will agree with this writer, that the republic has a tolerable chance upon this principle of obtaining ere long many fair proſelytes.

The fans, ſparkling with ſpangled *fleurs de lys*, will then be broken; the rings, bearing the inſignia of royalty, will be melted down; and the *porte-feuilles*, and *bon-bonnieres*, with their fliding-lids, diſplaying the forbidden images of regal greatneſs, will no longer be borne about in a ſort of triumphal manner, not from a ſentiment of ſorrow, by thoſe who, attendant on their perſons, and baſking in their ſmiles, are privileged to diſplay more than that general regret for their unhappy deſtiny which humanity feels; but from a ſenſation of vanity by thoſe, who perhaps never breathed the ſame atmoſphere; never, even at awful diſtance, gazed upon the originals of thoſe pictures which they now affect to cheriſh as the tender memorials of peculiar favor. Theſe relicks, we may venture to predict, will be offered up in one mighty ſacrifice at the ſhrine of the republic, the moment

it is well underſtood that to be a republican, is to be young.

Public balls, as well as concerts, were held laſt winter at the *Theatre Français*, which, after having been long ſhut up, was repaired, embelliſhed, and baptized by the Greek name of the *Odeon*; and that no jealouſy might exiſt between the balls and concerts, on account of this claſſical nomenclature, the balls immediately received the appellation of *thiaſes*.

But the moſt ſingular ſpecies of amuſement which the laſt winter produced, were ſubſcription-balls, entiled *des bals à la victime*. Such, and ſo powerful was the rage for pleaſure, that a certain number of its votaries, who, during the tyranny of Robeſpierre, had loſt their neareſt relations on the ſcaffold, inſtituted, not days of ſuch ſolemn,

ſolemn, ſad commemoration, as is dear to the ſuperſtition of tenderneſs, when, in melancholy proceſſion, clad in ſable, and wreathed with cypreſs, they might have knelt, a mourning multitude, around the ſpot where the mutilated bodies of their murdered parents had been thrown by the executioner; and bathed the ſod with thoſe bitter tears which filial affection, or agonized love, ſhed over the broken ties of nature, or of paſſion—no!—the commemorative rites which theſe mourners offered to the manes of their maſſacred relations, were feſtive balls! To theſe ſtrange, unhallowed orgies, no one could be admitted who had not loſt a father, a mother, a huſband, a wife, a brother, or a ſiſter, on the guillotine; but any perſon with a certificate of their execution in his pocket-book, not only obtained admiſſion, but might dance as long, and as merrily as heart could wiſh. Had Holben been preſent at ſuch a ſpectacle, no doubt he would

have

have enriched his death-dance with new images, and led forward each gay nymph by an attendant headleſs ſpectre. The indignant cry of public opinion, however, was at length heard above the muſic of the walſe and the cotillon; and the *bal à la victime* exiſts no longer to bear its powerful teſtimony to a depravation, not merely of manners, but of the heart.

If in the winter, conformably to our Grecian ideas at Paris, concert-rooms became *Odeons*, and the Niobés and the Titus's danced in a *thiaſe*, ſummer can boaſt of more than equal honors; ſince then we never tread but on attic ground, and never ſuffer ourſelves to be pleaſed but when pleaſure preſents herſelf with a claſſical appellation. Witneſs ye gardens of Tivoli, ye bowers of Idalia, ye winding walks of Elyſium, ye grottos of Venus, ye vales of Tempe, ye groves of Theſſaly! witneſs

with

with what fond alacrity the lovers of antiquity fly in multitudes to your enchanting receſſes, where the arching trees are hung with innumerable lamps of varying colours, where the ear is exhilarated with the ſounds of muſic, and the eye is cheared with the movements of the dance; and where every evening the hour of ten ſerves as a general ſignal, at which the whole city of Paris ſeems one vaſt theatre for the diſplay of fireworks. A ſtranger who ſhould enter this city at night by the bridge of Neuilly, might ſuppoſe that he had reached this ſcene of great events at ſome important epocha, which had occaſioned a general rejoicing. On his right he would diſcern the lights of *Bagatelle*, beaming through the *Bois de Boulogne*, and would paſs cloſe to the brilliant entrance of Idalia; on his left he would be dazzled by the illuminations of the Elyſium; while, as he advanced, he would diſcern, above every

quarter

quarter of the town, the tall ſky-rockets darting their vivid flaſh, and would hear in all directions the light exploſions of enchanted palaces, with bright arcades and fairy columns;

"The crackling flames appear on high,
"And driving ſparkles dance along the ſky."

Bagatelle alone, the once gay retreat of the Comte d'Artois, is ſuffered, by our Grecian amateurs, to retain its old appellation in favour of the regal images which it brings to memory. What food for the ramblings of the mind along the paths of hiſtory, when it contraſts the light French modern graces of Bagatelle, with the maſſy, Gothic gloom of Holyrood-Houſe! It may be obſerved, that the perſons who are for ever lamenting the ſubverſion of the ancient regime, are not prevented by their regrets from giving all the encouragement in their power to thoſe who con-

convert one palace after another into ſcenes of public amuſement; and that they eagerly purchaſe for half a crown, the privilege of treading gaily every evening with the plebeian multitude, thoſe magnificent gardens and ſumptuous hotels, of which the poſſeſſors have, for the moſt part, as in former proſcriptions, paid for their beautiful retreats at Alba, with their lives. But while theſe lovers of deſpotiſm forget their regrets in their pleaſures, the philoſophic mind wanders often in muſing mood along theſe feſtive haunts, where the moſt ſingular combinations croud upon reflection; and, amiſt the glowing enthuſiaſm of liberty, mourns thoſe partial evils that have clouded its brightneſs, and abhors thoſe cruel abuſes that have ſullied its cauſe!

When the multiplied engagements of the evening do not offer leiſure for an excurſion to Tivoli, or a trip to Idalia, the gay world

at

at leaſt find ſufficient time in the interval between the play and the *petit ſouper*, to lounge for half an hour at one of the faſhionable *glaciers*. A glacier is a ſort of coffee-houſe, eſtabliſhed in the fine hotels of emigrants, ſplendidly illuminated, open to perſons of both ſexes, and where you pay for your admiſſion by eating ices, for which there is now ſo extraordinary a demand in Paris, that if the following winter ſhould prove mild, the ice-purveyors will perhaps be forced to ſend to the department of Mont Blanc, in order to furniſh themſelves with means of ſupplying the enormous wants of their cuſtomers.

But let me recall the images moſt dear to my imagination, by leaving for a while the glaciers of Paris, and the ſmoking-clubs of Baſil, and wandering amidſt the ſublime landſcapes of Switzerland. How delightful to bid adieu to every-day occurrences,

occupations, cares, and pleaſures, for the contemplation of thoſe ſcenes of ſolemn grandeur, which form ſuch a contraſt to the littleneſs of ordinary life! Let me turn my ſteps towards the firſt auguſt object which ſtruck my eye in Switzerland, the cataract of the Rhine at Schaffhauſen, to which place I was obliged to travel by a long circuitous route to Zurich, ſince with French paſſports the Auſtrian territory was forbidden ground. A Balois told me before my departure, that the cataract of the Rhine was ſcarcely worth ſo much trouble; ſince, "after all," ſaid he, "it is but a fall of water!"

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Road from Baſil into the Canton of Soleure.—Swiſs Taſte in Gardening.—Viſit to a Farm-houſe.—Rural Ceremonies.—Traditionary Story of the Deſtruction of a Tyrant.—Baden.—Zurich.—Reflections on the View over the Lake to the Alps.—Fall of the Rhine at Lauffen.—Bridge at Schaffhauſen.

THROUGH what a delicious country we paſſed in travelling along the Canton of Baſil to that of Soleure! What beautiful, what various combinations of rock, pine-clad hills thrown together in noble maſſes, and richly covered with their dark-tinted verdure; above which a bare peak ſometimes lifts its ſharp ſpiral head, as if to give effect to the landſcape.

What grateful ſounds to my ear were the murmurs of thoſe ſoothing caſcades, and clear rills which had more of beauty than

ſublimity, but which filled my heart with emotion, while I conſidered them as the prelude of ſcenes, where the water-fall ſwells into a torrent, and where, inſtead of rapid brooks, and ſmall ſtreams, the broad lake ſpreads its majeſtic expanſe of waters.

I was yet only in the veſtibule of Switzerland, and nature appeared to me as if lifting up gradually the veil which concealed thoſe mighty objects of overwhelming grandeur, which my imagination ſprung forward to meet with enthuſiaſtic rapture. We paſſed by ſeveral country houſes, with pleaſure-grounds covered with verdant ſeats, bowers, and arbours, profanely cut into all the miſhapen forms of Gothic fury, and where literally,

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
"And half the platform juſts reflects the other."

One might forgive a Dutchman for clipping his trees, and ſquaring his walks by the ſame rule with which he cuts his canals, and digs his ditches; but here, in the very temple of nature, where the inhabitant has but to caſt his eye around him in order to learn all that ſhe can teach of grace and majeſty, it ſeems difficult to avoid feeling, that *jets-d'eaux* are but ludicrous mimickry in the neighbourhood of cataracts, that bouquets of yew, and pillars of fir, loſe much of their effect when placed beneath hanging woods of pines, and columns of cliffs, and that the romantic hills above are an eternal ſatire on the trim walks below.

In our way to Schaffhauſen, we ſpent ſome agreeable days with a ſmall party, at a farm-houſe in the Canton of Baſil, ſituated in the nook of a mountain. High hills riſe ſloping round this little white dwelling, covered with fine paſturage, and ſcat-

tered over with trees, woody copſes, and ſwift rivulets flowing down their green ſides. An Iriſh gentleman, who had hired apartments in this habitation for the ſummer, and whom we went to viſit, had cut winding paths along the ſteep hills with his own hands, directed the freſh ſprings to flow into cool baths, and placed Italian, Latin, and French inſcriptions upon the trees, in the charming receſſes of the hanging woods.

When our good farmer bought his ground, its appendages of woods, cliffs, and rills, had probably only entered into his ſpeculations, ſo far as they were the means or the impediments of culture; but an Engliſh nobleman would have purchaſed them with half his fortune. During our ſtay in this beautiful retreat we, lived with the farmer and his family, eat of their

bread, drank of their cup, and found perfect neatneſs, as well as plentiful hoſpitality at their table.

The farmer, a plain, honeſt, ſenſible Swiſs, was proud of his country, and above all, proud of his privileges, as he happened to be a burgher of Baſil. He produced a kind of placard, which had been in his family, he ſaid, for ages; and we obſerved that the date was in the middle of the fifteenth century. On this large placard was not ill engraven all the memorable hiſtorical events of Switzerland, ſince it began its ſtruggles for freedom, with poetry below, explaining more fully the atchievements which the painting related above. Our farmer felt his ſoul animated, and himſelf half a warrior, while he gazed on theſe glorious triumphs of his anceſtors. I was, perhaps, the more ſtruck with his enthuſiaſm,

ſiaſm, becauſe it was the firſt time I had obſerved any ſuch ſentiment ſince my arrival in Switzerland.

In the commercial parts of that country, this feeling of pride in the feats of their progenitors is as completely extinct as the heroic race itſelf, which is long ſince gone to the family-vault of all the Capulets; but in the little or ancient Cantons which were the cradle of Swiſs liberty, this generous ſentiment is ſtill cheriſhed. The peaſants teach their children the oral tale of other times, and they early imbibe with the love of their own country an inveterate hatred againſt Auſtria. The memory of thoſe valorous deeds is alſo impreſſed on the mind by coarſe paintings, which cover the walls of the peaſants' houſes, and are ſometimes ſo large as narrowly to eſcape the fate of the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture.

The farmer alſo recounted to me ſome of the ruſtic ſolemnities which are practiſed in the Canton of Baſil, where the peaſants crown with heaps of flowers the hive which produces the firſt ſwarm of bees; and when the cows firſt go to graſs in the ſpring, and leave it in the autumn, a long proceſſion is formed of two cows abreaſt, whoſe horns are gayly decorated for the gala, aud who are led on by two white cows moſt profuſely covered with wreaths, and ribbands of various colours. This cuſtom, I am told, is as ancient as the days of Theocritus, who talks of adorning his favorite cow with chaplets.

Many a traditionary tale gives a moral intereſt to the pictureſque ſcenes of this enchanting country. In one of our airings on horſeback, during our ſtay at the farmhouſe, we paſſed through a defile, above which roſe piles of cliffs five hundred feet high,

high, and on the brow of one thoſe towering craggs we diſcerned the ruins of a Gothic caſtle, two windows of which ſtill remain. "There," ſaid our guide, pointing to the frowning ſummit of the rock, "ſome ages paſt lived a tyrant: he delighted in deſolation and death, and whenever any of his vaſſals offended him, he ordered them to appear before him, and then cauſed the unhappy victims to be thrown headlong from yonder horrible precipice into this gulph below. Three centuries ſince his vaſſals had their revenge; they armed themſelves, climbed up at night by almoſt inacceſſible paths to the caſtle, which they ſurprized, and ſet on fire, and the tyrant periſhed in the flames."

We left, with regret, the farmer's white dwelling, and croſſing a part of the chain of Jura, proceeded on our journey to Baden, which is the Bath of Switzerland,

celebrated for the virtues of its hot ſprings, and is much frequented in ſummer; but there are no public meetings, and the company aſſociate little together. The town is ſurrounded by lofty green hills; and the Limat flows at their feet with an impetuous rapidity, which ſeems to realize the poetical idea of living waters. We walked along a narrow path along the edge of the river to a limpid fountain, where the country girls, dreſſed in the pictureſque coſtume of the female Swiſs peaſantry, came to draw water, and gave a more paſtoral air to the ſcene. Bidding farewel to Badeu, where we had been received by Mr. Barthelemy, the French Ambaſſador, with elegant hoſpitality, we purſued our courſe to Zuric.

This neat, and chearful town, is divided into two parts by the Limat, and delightfully ſituated on the northern extremity of

its noble lake, which ſpreads, far as the eye can reach, its maſs of limped waters, bounded by vine-covered hills, whoſe ſlopes are thick-ſtudded with houſes and villages; while beyond this ſcene of pictureſque beauty, the Alps, covered with their eternal ſnows, riſe in the diſtant perſpective, ſtretching towards the ſouth-weſt, and mingling their ſummits with the clouds. It was not without the moſt powerful emotion that, for the firſt time, I caſt my eyes on that ſolemn, that majeſtic viſion, the Alps!—how often had the idea of thoſe ſtupendous mountains filled my heart with enthuſiaſtic awe!—ſo long, ſo eagerly, had I deſired to contemplate that ſcene of wonders, that I was unable to trace when firſt the wiſh was awakened in my boſom—it ſeemed from childhood to have made a part of my exiſtence—I longed to bid adieu to the gayly-peopled landſcapes of Zuric, and wander amidſt thoſe regions of myſterious

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ſublimity, the ſolitudes of nature, where her eternal laws ſeem at all ſeaſons to forbid more than the temporary viſits of man, and where, ſometimes, the dangerous paſſes to her frozen ſummits are inflexibly barred againſt mortal footſteps. The pleaſure ariſing from the varying forms of ſmiling beauty with which we were ſurrounded, became a cold ſenſation, while expectation hung upon thoſe vaſt gigantic ſhapes, that half-ſeen chaos which excited the ſtronger feelings of wonder, mingled with admiration. But I was obliged, with whatever regret, to relinquiſh for the preſent a nearer view of thoſe tremendous objects, ſince private affairs left me only ſufficient leiſure to viſit the cataract of the Rhine before I returned to Baſil; whence, however, I ſoothed myſelf with the hope of being ſoon able to depart in ſearch of the terrific ſcenes of the Alps, and the rich luxuriant graces of the Italian vallies of Switzerland. In the mean time

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we paſſed haſtily through Zuric, in our way to Schaffhauſen, for although I had been aſſured that the cataract of the Rhine was "but a fall of water," it had excited ſo tormenting a curioſity, that I found I ſhould be incapable of ſeeing any thing elſe with pleaſure or advantage, till I had once gazed upon that object.

When we reached the ſummit of the hill which leads to the fall of the Rhine, we alighted from the carriage, and walked down the ſteep bank, whence I ſaw the river rolling turbulently over its bed of rocks, and heard the noiſe of the torrent, towards which we were deſcending, increaſing as we drew near. My heart ſwelled with expectation—our path, as if formed to give the ſcene its full effect, concealed for ſome time the river from our view; till we reached a wooden balcony, projecting on the edge of the water, and whence, juſt

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ſheltered from the torrent, it burſts in all its overwhelming wonders on the aſtoniſhed ſight. That ſtupendous cataract, ruſhing with wild impetuoſity over thoſe broken, unequal rocks, which, lifting up their ſharp points amidſt its ſea of foam, diſturb its headlong courſe, multiply its falls, and make the afflicted waters roar—that cadence of tumultuous ſound, which had never till now ſtruck upon my ear—thoſe long feathery ſurges, giving the element a new aſpect—that ſpray riſing into clouds of vapour, and reflecting the priſmatic colours, while it diſperſes itſelf over the hills—never, never can I forget the ſenſations of that moment! when with a ſort of annihilation of ſelf, with every paſt impreſſion eraſed from my memory, I felt as if my heart were burſting with emotions too ſtrong to be ſuſtained.—Oh, majeſtic torrent! which haſt conveyed a new image of nature to my ſoul, the moments I have

paſſed

paſſed in contemplating thy ſublimity will form an epocha in my ſhort ſpan!—thy courſe is coeval with time, and thou wilt ruſh down thy rocky walls when this boſom, which throbs with admiration of thy greatneſs, ſhall beat no longer!

What an effort does it require to leave, after a tranſient glimpſe, a ſcene on which, while we meditate, we can take no account of time! its narrow limits ſeem too confined for the expanded ſpirit; ſuch objects appear to belong to immortality; they call the muſing mind from all its little cares and vanities, to higher deſtinies and regions, more congenial than this world to the feelings they excite. I had been often ſummoned by my fellow-travellers to depart, had often repeated "but one moment more," and many "moments more" had elapſed, before I could reſolve to tear myſelf from the balcony.

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We croſſed the river, below the fall, in a boat, and had leiſure to obſerve the ſurrounding ſcenery. The cataract, however, had for me a ſort of faſcinating power, which, if I withdrew my eyes for a moment, again faſtened them on its impetuous waters. In the back-ground of the torrent a bare mountain lifts its head encircled with its blue vapours; on the right riſes a ſteep cliff, of an enormous height, covered with wood, and upon its ſummit ſtands the Caſtle of Lauffen, with its frowning towers, and encircled with its crannied wall; on the left, human induſtry has ſeized upon a ſlender thread of this mighty torrent in its fall, and made it ſubſervient to the purpoſes of commerce. Founderies, mills, and wheels, are erected on the edge of the river, and a portion of the vaſt baſon into which the cataract falls is confined by a dyke, which preſerves the warehouſes and the neighbouring huts from its inundations.

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Sheltered within this little nook, and accuſtomed to the neighbourhood of the torrent, the boatman unloads his merchandize, and the artiſan purſues his toil, regardleſs of the falling river, and inattentive to thoſe thundering ſounds which ſeem calculated to ſuſpend all human activity in ſolemn and awful aſtoniſhment, while the imagination of the ſpectator is ſtruck with the comparative littleneſs of fleeting man, buſy with his trivial occupations, contraſted with the view of nature in all her vaſt, eternal, uncontrolable grandeur*.

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* Mr. Cox eſtimates the height of the cataract of the Rhine at only fifty feet; Monſ. Ramond, his elegant French tranſlator, adds the following note to this obſervation:—"The quantity of water, which varies according to the ſeaſon, has ſome influence upon the height, and a conſiderable effect upon the aſpects of this fall. Thoſe who have ſeen it at the period when the ſnows diſſolve, will admit that deſcription to be exact which Mr. Cox thinks exaggerated, and only true

We walked over the celebrated wooden bridge at Schaffhauſen, of which the bold and ſimple conſtruction is conſidered as an extraordinary effort of genius in the architect. Being altogether unqualified to judge of, or to deſcribe its merit, I ſhall only obſerve, that nature ſeems to have given the Swiſs, together with their rapid rivers, and

true of remote times. I have been aſſured that the height of the cataract, in theſe circumſtances, is not leſs than eighty feet. A ſtranger can ſcarcely, without temerity, judge from his ſimple obſervation, and if he does ſo, he will be ſure to be below the truth. I have aſcertained, and Mr. Cox himſelf makes the ſame remark, that it requires the eye of a Swiſs to judge of certain dimenſions, which, exceeding all we have before ſeen, find no model of proportion in the mind. Thoſe who have travelled for the firſt time in Switzerland, have often found, to their great ſurpriſe, that inſtead of exaggerating the heights and the diſtances, they have diminiſhed them one-half, or two-thirds, till long habit taught them to expand their ideas, by furniſhing them with fit objects of compariſon."

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their torrent ſtreams, an extraordinary genius for erecting bridges, of ſuch daring deſign, hung upon the cliff, and ſuſpended over the gulph, that we are not ſurpriſed to find ſuperſtition has ſometimes attributed them to ſupernatural agency.

Part of our company being furniſhed only with French paſſports, we left Schaffhauſen and returned to Zuric, without having viſited the Lake of Conſtance, or its renowned and ancient city, which, at that period, was peopled by multitudes who had left France without paſſports.

CHAP. V.

Lavater.—Fall of Infidelity, and Triumph of the Religion of our Fathers.—Faſhionable Devotees.—La Harpe.—Lectures on Religion at Idalia.—Deſertion of the Proſelytes.—Theophilanthropiſm.

WE ſtaid long enough at Zuric to viſit its firſt literary ornament Lavater. It being known that he is willing to receive ſtrangers, no traveller of any lettered curioſity paſſes through the town, without paying him the homage of a viſit.

He received us in his library, which was hung thick with portraits and engravings, of which he has a conſiderable collection, forming a complete ſtudy of the ever varying expreſſion of the human face divine. Some very wiſe men, who admit of no ſcope to that faculty of the mind called imagination, and are for ever bringing every

every theory to the ſquare, and the compaſs, conſider his ſyſtem of phyſiognomy as the fantaſtic viſion of an heated brain; but though it may be difficult, it is ſurely ingenious and intereſting to attempt reducing to rules a ſcience, which ſeems to be founded in nature. It is ſurely curious to analyſe what it is ſo eaſy to feel, the charm of that expreſſion, which is the emanation of moral qualities; that undefinable grace which is not beauty, but ſomething more; without which its enchantments loſe their power of faſcination, and which can ſhed an animated glow, a ſpark of divinity over the features of deformity:

"Mind, mind alone, bear witneſs earth, and heaven,
"The living fountain in itſelf contains
"Of beauteous and ſublime."

Lavater is a venerable looking old man, with a ſharp long face, high features, and a wrinkled brow: he is tall, thin, and

intereſting in his figure; when ſerious he has a look of melancholy, almoſt of inquietude; but when he ſmiles, his countenance becomes lighted up with an expreſſion of ſweetneſs and intelligence.

There is a ſimple eloquence in his converſation, an effuſion of the heart extremely attractive: he ſpeaks French with ſome difficulty, and whenever he is at a loſs for an expreſſion has recourſe to German, which I in vain begged a Swiſs gentleman, who was of our party, to tranſlate for me: he told me that for the moſt part the German words Lavater employed were compound-epithets of his own framing, which had peculiar energy as he uſed them, but which would be quite vapid and ſpiritleſs in tranſlation.

The great rule of moral conduct, Lavater ſaid, in his opinion, was, next to God, to reſpect

reſpect time. Time, he conſidered as the moſt valuable of human treaſures, and any waſte of it as in the higheſt degree immoral. He riſes every morning at the hour of five; and though it would be agreeable to him to breakfaſt immediately after riſing, makes it an invariable rule to earn that repaſt by ſome previous labour; ſo that if by accident the reſt of the day is ſpent to no uſeful purpoſe, ſome portion of it may at leaſt be ſecured beyond the interruptions of chance.

Lavater gave us a moſt pleaſing account of morals in Zuric. He had been a preacher of the goſpel, he ſaid, in that town thirty years; and ſo incapable were the citizens of any ſpecies of corruption, that he ſhould have rendered himſelf ridiculous had he ever during that long period preached a ſermon againſt it, ſince it was a vice unknown. "At what a diſtance,"

thought I, "am I arrived from London and Paris."

When we took our leave of Lavater, he begged we would write our names and place of abode in a book, which he appropriates to the uſe of inſcribing the long liſt of his foreign viſitors. An hour after my return from his houſe he came to pay me a viſit, which I was taught to conſider as an unuſual compliment, ſince it is his general rule not to return the viſits of ſtrangers. Religion was the theme of his diſcourſe, and he talked of its pleaſures, its conſolations, and its hopes, with a ſolemn ſort of enthuſiaſtic fervor, which ſhewed how much his heart was intereſted in the ſubject, and how warmly his ſenſibility was awake to devotional feelings. Although his zeal was not without knowledge, yet it was ſomewhat difficult to diſcover what was his ſyſtem of belief: whether he was of

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Paul or Apollos, a follower of Calvin according to the eſtabliſhed creed of the Swiſs church, or whether he was not in ſome ſort the framer of a new doctrine himſelf.

One of my fellow-travellers, who was anxious to wreſt from the venerable paſtor his confeſſion of faith, brought in review before him the various opinions of the fathers, orthodox and heretic; from Juſtin Martyr and Origin, down to the Biſhop of St. David's and Dr. Prieſtley. But Lavater did not appear to have made polemics his ſtudy; he ſeemed to think right and wrong, in hiſtorical fact, of far leſs importance than right and wrong in religious ſentiment; and above all, in human action. There was more of feeling than of logic in his concluſions; and he appeared to have taken leſs pains to examine religion, than to apply its precepts to the regulation of thoſe frailties and paſſions of the human

heart, the traces of which, hidden from others, he had marked with ſuch admirable accuracy in the character and expreſſion of outward forms. For myſelf, I own the ſolemn, meek, affectionate expreſſion of Lavater's pious ſentiments, were peculiarly ſoothing to my feelings, after having been ſo long ſtunned with the cavils of French philoſophers, or rather the impertinent comments of their diſciples, who are ſo proud of their ſcepticiſm, that they are for ever obtruding it in converſation. The number of thoſe diſciples is augmented ſince the revolution, which has ſpread far and wide the writings of Rouſſeau and Voltaire; and every Frenchman, after having read thoſe authors, though he may neither have taſte enough to admire the charms of their genius, or virtue to feel the philanthropy of their ſentiments, has, at leaſt, acquired ſufficient knowledge to aſſume the appellation of philoſopher, and prove his

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claim to that title by enlisting himself under the banner of infidelity, without knowing the use of his arms.

This irreverence for religion, however, which Mr. Burke considered as one of the primary causes of the French Revolution, is not, as heretofore, the ton amongst persons of former rank and fashion; infidelity has been in disgrace with that class, ever since it was profaned by the vulgar Jacobin touch; and the only distinguished trophies that system can now boast, are a few Anti-Newtonian flights with respect to final causes, from astronomic infidels. The aristocracy were no sooner convinced that the Catholic establishment, and above all, the non-juring priests were their best auxiliaries, than all the elegant women of Paris became immediately devotées, and nothing was heard of in fashionable saloons but professions of attachment and respect "*pour*

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la religion de nos peres; by which it was well underſtood that "more was meant than met the ear," and that theſe ſentiments included the government, as well as the creed of their fathers.

The great director of the conſciences of theſe fair converts, dreſt *à la Pſyche*, was Monſ. de la Harpe, a literary man of conſiderable infidel reputation under the old regime; the diſciple and friend of Voltaire, d'Alembert, Diderot, and other eminent encyclypodiſts, and in ſome ſort a leader of the ſect after their deceaſe, or, according to their own creed, after their annihilation. The Gamaliel of Monſ. La Harpe, was Madame C—— T——; it was at her feet, in the gloom of a priſon, during the terrific tyranny of the Jacobins, that this philoſopher was brought to the knowledge and belief of Chriſtianity. I have before obſerved, that the nobleſt examples

amples of fortitude and reſignation under ſufferings were, during revolutionary government, diſplayed by women. It was, no doubt, in the calmneſs and imperturbability of Madame C—— T——'s mind, under the certain expectation of the ſcaffold, that Monſ. La Harpe was firſt led to admire the effects of a perſuaſion, which her eloquence and his own conviction made him afterwards adopt; and of which he became, in defiance of all his former opinions, the zealous and faſhionable advocate.

The cruel perſecution which the Catholic religion had ſuſtained from the intolerant Jacobins, had produced the uſual effect of perſecution, that of rekindling the pious zeal of a great portion of the people of France. They returned to the religion of their fathers, not from the ſame motives as thoſe which influenced the fine ladies and gentlemen

gentlemen of Paris, becauſe it was connected with regal government; but becauſe, wearied with revolutionary calamities, they ſtood in need of the ſoothing conſolations of devotion; and the churches became crouded places of reſort.

It was not, however, in thoſe religious temples that the illuſtrious convert to the Catholic faith, Monſ. La Harpe, became a preacher of its doctrines. Like the hero of Mr. Greaves's novel, Monſ. La Harpe took courage to attack the devil in his ſtrongeſt holds. Being a perſon of high literary merit, he had been choſen to fill the rhetorical chair in the Lyceum. From that place, where, a few moons before, he had deſcanted on the glorious conqueſts of philoſophy over ſuperſtition, and of liberty and the rights of man over deſpotiſm and ſlavery; he now poured forth the recantation of his errors in ſo eloquent and touch-

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ing a ſtrain, that the neighbouring ſquare and ſtreets re-echoed the long and tumultuous applauſes of his fair auditory, for the majority were always ladies.

The lecturer, not ſatisfied with the victory gained over infidelity in this ſeat of ſcience, of which it had been ſo long in poſſeſſion, purſued that pernicious ſyſtem into another of its fortreſſes, the regions of pleaſure. Monſ. La Harpe, becoming a Catholic, was too ſingular an event not to attract general notice; and as Catholiciſm happened to be in faſhion, the proprietors of various places of amuſement thought a few lectures from Monſ. La Harpe, on "the religion of our fathers," would be no unprofitable ſpeculation. Accordingly, the ſplendid walks and fairy bowers of Idalia, which, till then, had only re-echoed the ſounds of gaiety and pleaſure, now reſounded with the vehement imprecations of

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La Harpe againſt that vile revolutionary philoſophy of the Rights of Man, which had overthrown the religion of our fathers. Monſ. La Harpe continued to be the rage in Paris, till he was ſucceeded by another faſhionable novelty, which happened to be Abraham Effendi, the Turkiſh Ambaſſador. Upon Abraham Effendi's arrival, the faſhionable and butterfly-tribe forſook once more "the religion of their fathers," a fabric long ſince undermined, and now haſtening to decay, after gilding for a moment its venerable ruins with their glittering wings.

But another ſect was now ariſing, which threatened more formidable danger to the Roman Catholic religion than all the edicts of Jabobin ferocity. Some ſerious and well-intentioned men, who were ſenſible that the human mind without religion feels a void, which ſomething better muſt be found to

fill up than the doctrine of atoms, or the worſhip of reaſon, have become the founders of a new ſyſtem, which, ſetting aſide the dogmas of the Roman Catholic creed, connected, they aſſert, with ignorance and ſuperſtition, reſts only on thoſe points in which men of all religions are agreed, the moral goverment of the world by the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the ſoul. This ſect, diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Theophilanthropiſts*, the friends of God and man, had formed various little ſocieties in Paris before their opinions were publicly known. The ſimplicity of their worſhip, ſomewhat reſembling that of the Diſſenters in England, gained the attention of a few lettered men, and the benevolence of their doctrines became the public theme of panegyric of a member of the Directory, Larevelliere Lepaux, who publiſhed a pamphlet, the object of which was to raiſe theſe doctrines into repute, by ſhewing the inconſiſtency

ſiſtency of the Roman Catholic religion with liberty. This pamphlet was anſwered by Gregoire, the learned and patriotic Biſhop of Blois, with much warmth, as a calumny againſt the nation: ſince the great majority, he aſſerted, were both Catholics and Republicans, and the moſt democratic governments in Europe, the ſmaller Cantons of Switzerland, were ſtedfaſt in that belief.

La Revelliere Lepaux obtained the title of high-prieſt of the new ſect, which thus raiſed into notice became the object of various calumnies. Some aſſerted it to be a neſt of terroriſts, who, under the maſk of religion, and the liberty allowed to every kind of worſhip, met only to frame the means of bringing round again their late ſyſtem. Others were aſſured that this ſect was nothing but a band of Atheiſts and Philoſophers, who aſſembled only to propagate principles which, diſbelieving themſelves,

ſelves, they intended to make inſtruments of rooting out the Catholic faith.

Atheiſts and Jacobins perhaps mingle in theſe congregations; but the maſs appears to be compoſed of people of decent characters and manners, who, diſcontented with their former creeds, have embraced this worſhip till they are provided with a better.

In their prayers they invoke the Supreme Being as the author and governor of the univerſe; they ſing hymns of grateful acknowledgment for his bounties, and fill up the hours of their worſhip with a diſcourſe on ſome moral ſubject, in which the obligations to maintain liberty, and keep inviolate the laws of the Republic are never forgotten. The better-informed among the Theophilanthropes are believers in Chriſtanity, while others affect to talk with diſ-

dain of what they call the Chriſtian ſect; unwilling to admit, or probably ignorant that Chriſtianity is the ſole foundation on which reſts their own ſcanty belief.

This new religious ſociety has the ſupport of government in every way in which its influence can be directed, without infringing that impartiality in religious matters which the law requires. The modeſt chambers, in which the founders of this ſect firſt aſſembled, are now changed for the ſpacious churches which can ſcarcely hold the crowds who reſort to their meetings. The hour of the myſterious adoration of the hoſt is no ſooner paſſed, than the aſſembly of the Theophilanthropes begin their ſimple rites; and as the places of both worſhips are in common, the worſhippers of both opinions often mingle together, and learn at leaſt the divine leſſon of toleration. How far the doctrines of this ſociety may

contribute to add to the ſtock of virtue in France it is difficult to determine; but this is certain, that the greateſt revolutionary ſinners, the Jacobins, have laid aſide their worſhip of reaſon, and become the moſt ſtedfaſt adherents to this creed; and ſince the belief of immortality is the moſt powerful motive to virtue, he who is convinced of the exiſtence of the Supreme Being, and offers up once a week his thankſgivings to the Giver of every good, for his loving-kindneſs and tender mercies, will be leſs inclined to ſacrifice again at the altar of Moloch, and dye his hands in human blood.

The ſocieties celebrate their worſhip both on Sundays and Decadies, in order to include the partiſans of the old and new diviſions of time. Their increaſing numbers have compelled them to diſſeminate themſelves in various quarters of the town, and they are

about to apply for the equal uſe of all the churches of Paris, including that of Notre Dame. The people diſtinguiſh the two worſhips by the names of the maſs and morality; and the new convert, inſtead of going as formerly *à la meſſe*, tells you, if you meet him on the way, that he is going *à la morale*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Country from Basil to Zuric.—Bremgarton.—Balstal.—Ornamented Graves.—French Burials.—Solemnity of Sunday in Switzerland.—Observations on Cruelty to Animals at Paris.—Geographical Religion of Switzerland.

IN our route to Schaffhausen we had passed the Haverstein, a mountain which serves as a continuation of Mount Jura, and divides the Canton of Basil from that of Soleure. On the top of this mountain, which is of difficult ascent, we found a military post, where our permissions for travelling in Switzerland were examined and enregistered. This pass is one of the keys of the country, and appears, from its situation, to be capable of being well defended against very superior numbers; while the Canton

of Baſil, which lies at its baſe, has no natural ſecurity whatever againſt invaſion.

The deſcent from this mountain, through a paſſage cut in the rock on its ſummit, preſents many points of perſpective which we then thought ſublime, for we had not yet gazed on thoſe ſtupendous monuments, before which all other objects ſink into littleneſs.

From the town of Olten, belonging to the Canton of Soleure, and ſituated at the diſtance of half a league from the mountain, in a fine cultivated valley, through which flows the Aar; we proceeded along that river to Arau, in the Canton of Berne. A few miles beyond we croſſed a river called the Da, at Lentzburg, a ſmall neat town in the ſame Canton; at Millingen we paſſed the Reuſs; this river, as well as the Limat, falls into the Aar, which, thus enriched by the

the principal rivers of Switzerland, ſwells to a mighty volume the waters of the Rhine.

The country from Olten to Schaffhauſen, though full of thoſe beautiful landſcapes with which Switzerland abounds, preſents few ſcenes except the noble views over the Lake of Zuric, which leave laſting traces on the memory.

On our return from Zuric we croſſed a chain of hills on our left, and deſcended into the rich vale of Bremgarten. Inſtead of repaſſing the Haverſtein, we directed our courſe along the foot of Mount Jura, to meet the road that leads from Soleure over this ridge of mountains, which continues to ſeparate the two Cantons. At Balſtal, a little village ſituated at the foot of thoſe mountains, we went to ſee a cataract, of which we had heard a magnificent deſcrip-

tion. The rocky channel was bold and romantic, but the heat had dried up its waters. Our path lay through the church-yard of the village, and we were particularly ſtruck with the pious homage paid to the memory of the dead, not only in the gilded tomb-ſtones and painted croſſes, which were ſtuck thick over the ground; but in the humble affection which had given the grave itſelf an air of animation, by planting the pink, the violet, and other ſweet-ſcented herbs, on the green mounds, beneath which repoſed the mouldering duſt. Inſtead of the murky atmoſphere, and repulſive gloom of a receptacle of the dead, the church-yard, placed amidſt wooded rocks and paſtoral hills, and emitting the ſweet fragrance of newly-ſpringing flowers, and the freſh garlands which were hung around the tombs, excited pleaſing images of hope to the mind, and led to ſoothing meditation. I recollected the wiſh of Oſ-

ſian,

ſian, "O, lay me, ye that ſee the light, near ſome rock of my hills; let the thick hazels be around, let the ruſtling oak be near. Green be the place of my reſt; and let the ſound of the diſtant torrent be heard."

How remote from theſe tender cares of mourning humanity is the treatment obſerved in France towards the dead; and which might ſeem a relapſe to barbariſm, if we did not find, even among the moſt ſavage nations, ſome civilized marks of human reverence, ſome decent ceremonial paid to the relicks of our mortal nature! It might, perhaps, be neceſſary to reſtrain the diſplay of that vanity which, before the revolution, decked its mockery of woe with idle pomp and pageantry; but ſtern indeed muſt be the reformer, who admires that cold-blooded philoſophy which conſigns thoſe to whom we were bound by the holieſt ties of humanity,

humanity, or the deareſt feelings of the heart, without regret, to the unhallowed proces-verbal of a municipal officer, who ſtrides away with indecent haſte before the yet unſtiffened corpſe, and, like death, the common leveller, hurls it into the common pit, among undiſtinguiſhed heaps of dead.

During the epocha of the worſhip of reaſon, a tacit approbation of this annihilation of vulgar prejudices might have been wrung from fear; ſince at that time, amongſt the well-fed monſters in the republic, death, and the grave—

——— "Upturn'd
"Their noſtrils wide into the murky air,
"Sagacious of their quarry *—"

and revelled on the dead, as their pioneers, terror, and Jacobin-government, rioted on the living.

* Milton.

But

But when public or private ſafety are no longer endangered by the indulgence of tender affections, even though equality ſhould be ſometimes wounded by the little diſtinctions which they might love to confer on the mouldering clay, it is ſurely tyranny over the moſt amiable weakneſſes of our nature to tear thus rudely from the fond ſurvivor that form which, a few hours before, was folded to the heart in the laſt agonies of ſeparation, and to which it ſtill clings with the bitterneſs of unavailing regret!

We returned to Baſil on a Sunday morning, time enough to join a throng of worſhippers at the French Proteſtant church, whoſe reſpectful demeanour and devout attention formed a ſingular and ſoothing contraſt to the coarſe impiety we had ſo lately witneſſed at Paris; where we had ſeen

altars

altars overthrown, the ſurplice and the mitre transformed into capariſons for horſes; had heard the commiſſaries of revolutionary committees boaſt, that at their Bacchanalian orgies their groſs libations had been poured from ſacramental cups, and had obſerved that no political blaſphemy was ſo ſtriking to thoſe reformers as the ſlighteſt mark of reſpect for religion. The practice of ſhutting up the gates of the Swiſs towns, during divine ſervice, to prevent the rolling of carriages, though attended with inconvenience to travellers, is ſo far pleaſing, as it conſecrates one day in ſeven to relaxation and repoſe. The ſtrict obſervance of this day of reſt in Switzerland forms an agreeable contraſt to the buſy, as well as diſſipated manner in which both Sunday and Decadi are paſſed in France; which feſtivals, being ever at war with each other, neither are celebrated with reſpect.

Not

Not only are the ſtated returns of intervals of reſt neceſſary for man, but the voice of mercy calls aloud on the French legiſlature to interpoſe between the reſtleſs activity or avarice of the maſter, and the beaſt. Nothing is more pleaſing than to obſerve throughout Switzerland the care, and even tenderneſs which is ſhewn to the animal creation; while in France they feel the primary curſe of labour inflicted in all its ſeverity. Sunday and Decadi, alike the loaded horſe drags on his heavy burden; alike the mercileſs laſh for ever reſounds along the ſtreets, and thoſe whoſe nerves are not ſteeled againſt every pain but their own, are denied the relief of knowing, that an appointed reſpite from toil is the privilege of that miſerable race.

Among the moral diverſities of Switzerland, none are marked with more preciſion

than their territorial belief. In a ride of two or three hours from the Canton of Basil into that of Soleure, and over a branch of the Canton of Berne into that of Lucerne, we found ourselves alternately on Catholic and Protestant ground. In whatever cause originated these whimsical boundaries of their geographical religion, which heretofore lighted up so often the flames of civil dissention, it is soothing to observe, that since the beginning of the present century, the Swiss have discovered that the sword is not the most persuasive weapon of religious controversy. Two religions, that of the Roman church, and the assemblage of dogmas of the sixteenth century, called the Helvetic confession, are the exclusive religions of the Helvetic confederacy. Hume has somewhere observed, that the hatred of Polemics is most inveterate, where the points in dispute are the least remote; it is not

therefore

therefore ſurpriſing that civil diſſentions in Switzerland ſhould have been carried to ſuch exceſs, ſince the faith, for which both parties contended, is conceived in the ſame ſpirit of intolerance, and buried in the ſame labyrinth of incomprehenſibility.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Canton of Basil.—Rights of the Burghers of Basil.—Degraded State of the other Classes.—Peasants.—Serfs.—Comparative View of French and Swiss Peasantry before the Revolution.—State of French Peasantry since the Revolution.—Manufactures in the Canton of Basil.—Singular Restrictions on the Laborious Classes.—Jews.—Citizens in France.—Toleration.—Defence of the Jews by a French Catholic Bishop.—Religious Toleration in Turkey.—Whimsical Persecution of the Jews at Basil.—Reflections and Apostrophe of a Jew.

OF the forty thousand inhabitants, which compose the population of the city and Canton of Basil, the burghers forming the fifth part of that number alone enjoy, or fancy they enjoy the rights of equality. The people of Basil are divided into two distinct classes, that of the burghers, consisting of eight thousand persons, and that of the other inhabitants; which last class increases

creaſes in the ſame proportion that the firſt diminiſhes from year to year, and now amounts to about ſeven thouſand perſons. This latter claſs is in a ſtate of complete degradation, excluded from all political rights, can exerciſe no trade, and the individuals of which it is formed are conſidered merely as ſtrangers, to whom the privilege is granted of living in the town, placed, for the moſt part, under the immediate reſponſibility of the manufacturer or artizan by whom they are employed, and who is bound to take ſuch meaſures reſpecting them, as ſhall prevent their becoming burdenſome to the ſtate.

When perſons of this claſs are born in Baſil, when even their parents have been natives of the city for ſeveral ſucceſſive generations, they acquire not one further prerogative from theſe circumſtances; and the admiſſion of a few of theſe individuals to

the rights of burghers, is always attended with ſo many obſtacles, that the inſtances in which it takes place are extremely rare. Few of this claſs attain conſiderable wealth, yet the increaſe of their number, their perſeverance in remaining in this humiliating condition, while they are forced to ſupport the load of heavy taxes from which the burghers are exempted, and receive no other benefit from the government than perſonal protection and ſafety, prove, however, that they at leaſt enjoy ſome advantages of which they were not before poſſeſſed, and give a ſtrong idea of the wretchedneſs of their ſituation in the countries which they have forſaken.

What is remarkable enough in this celebrated land of freedom, where the the poet tells us, that

"Even the peaſant boaſts his rights to ſcan,
"And learns to venerate himſelf as man:"

All

All the peaſantry in the Canton of Baſil, with only the exception of the little town of Lieſtal, which enjoys a few municipal privileges, are literally ſerfs, and annexed to the ſoil. In the feudal times, theſe people, who belonged to their reſpective chiefs, were ſucceſſively ſold, with the poſſeſſions on which they were found, to the city of Baſil, then an imperial city. Theſe Gothic prerogatives, however, have long ſince been prudently thrown into the back-ground, and are now leſs likely than ever to be revived, at the diſtance of half a mile from the ſhouts of equality, fraternity, and the rights of man.

A ſtranger who travels through France into Switzerland, cannot fail to obſerve the different appearance of the habitations of the peaſantry of each country. The abject condition of this claſs in France, previous

to the revolution, was one of the moſt prominent features of the wretchedneſs of the government; and ſufficient time has not yet elapſed to change the external marks of miſery. The commanding chateau ſtill frowns in gloomy magnificence, over the mud-walled hut, though the inhabitants are now poſſeſſed of equal rights. In Switzerland, the peaſant's habitation, however poor, has the air of comfort and convenience. Every wooden cottage has its garden, or orchard, and the limpid brook running before the door of the thatch, gives the whole an air of freſhneſs.

The peaſants of the Canton of Baſil are, like the generality of peaſants in Switzerland, well clothed and fed, have the liberty, which is no ſmall prerogative, of judging, in the firſt inſtance, their own diſputes, without the intervention of the Bailiff,

whoſe treaſury is too often ſwelled by the fines of contention; and have alſo the privilege of bearing arms.

Their neighbours, the French peaſantry, need no longer look upon theſe advantages with the glance of envy or the ſigh of regret; ſince for the French huſbandman, above every other claſs of Frenchmen, the revolution hitherto has been made. While the nobility, the clergy, the penſioners of the ſtate, have been ruined; while commerce, for a while annihilated amidſt the overwhelming ſhock of political convulſions, is now but ſlowly awakening once more to life, the huſbandman, emancipated from every feudal claim, exonerated from every ſpecies of perſonal ſervitude, diſburthened of every tax, and relieved from every oppreſſion, has, above all others, had cauſe to bleſs the dawn of liberty. Even the horrible tempeſt of revolutionary terror

paſſed harmleſs over his head; and while the palace was devaſtated, and the chateau levelled to the ground, his cottage ſtood erect; amidſt the violation of all other poſſeſſions, his property, with the exception of a few revolutionary requiſitions, was reſpected; and, amidſt hoſts of executioners, his perſon was ſafe. During the long courſe and vaſt depreciation of paper-money, the farmer paid, with the labour of a week, the rents of the year; and was enabled, not only to augment his ſtock, but often became himſelf a purchaſer of land. Sufficiently an egotiſt to take every poſſible advantage of circumſtances, at the ſame time that he diſburſed his rent in paper, he ſold his corn only for money; while the ſtarving proprietor of land, was compelled, like Belvidera, to "part with the antient ornaments of maſſy plate," to buy the wheat which grew on his own ground for the ſupport of himſelf and his family. With the

return

return of money the landlord, indeed, has been reſcued from poverty, by receiving his revenue in ſolid coin; which the farmers, immenſely enriched by the reign of paper, are well enabled to pay. They at preſent form a bold, independent claſs of yeomanry, a claſs till now unknown in this country, and their once bare-legged wives and daughters proudly diſplay their white ſtockings, rich-laced caps, ſhining pendants, and golden croſſes, which, in the country, ſtill continue to be worn as a badge of their faith, as well as a decoration of their perſons.

The population of the Canton of Baſil being very far beyond the proportion of its extent of territory, great numbers are employed in manufactures, particularly that of cottons and ribbons, which are brought to great perfection. Over the manufacturers of theſe articles, the governors find it ad-

vantageous to manifeſt ſome portion of their right of ſovereignty; for in vain the father of a family may cultivate his field of flax, and prepare it for uſe; in vain his wife may ſpin, his infants turn the wheel which winds the thread, and he himſelf weave the woof; the web when woven is not at his diſpoſition—he has no right over the produce of his labour, no power to diſpoſe of what he has acquired by the ſweat of his brow and the toil of his hands; he muſt carry his little ſtock to the capital of his Canton, and there, and only there, is permitted to ſell it; while the burgher of the town, who is the purchaſer, has previouſly arranged the price at which it ſhall be ſold. A more vexatious law than this is, I believe, ſcarcely to be found in the whole code of deſpotiſm.

If ſuch be the paternal care of the political fathers of Baſil over their children, it would

would be ſuperfluous to expect from them any marks of tender regard for thoſe, who, as ſtrangers, have no claim to their protection. But againſt none of the family of the human race is this republican choler ſo vehemently diſplayed, as againſt that miſerable victim of Chriſtian wrath and contempt, the follower of the religion of Moſes. In deſpite of his imputed crimes, a dreadful legacy inherited from his anceſtry, the Jew, who has found in many countries of Europe an aſylum, in France has found a country. This deſpiſed wanderer can here cling faſt to his home, and raiſed from that ſtate of humiliation into which our Anti-Chriſtian barbarity had plunged him, for ages the object of its ſevereſt perſecution, the Jew, a citizen, becomes the proprietor of the ſoil, enriches himſelf in peace by the gains of his induſtry, can lift his front in the ſenate, and become the higheſt officer in the ſtate.

Divine

Divine ſpirit of toleration! not of that toleration that throws the humiliating arm of protection over the creature of its forbearance, and, proud of its privileges, grants as a boon what ought to be conceded as a right; but of that toleration which regards as children of the ſame original, and entitled to an equal ſhare of his beneficence, the profeſſors of the primitive faith of the Patriarchs, the followers of the dogmas of the Catholic creed, and of Calvin, and the believers in the ſimple truths of the goſpel.

Againſt this innovating principle the Baſilians for two centuries paſt have ſtruggled with zealous uniformity. Previous to the French revolution, the epocha of Jewiſh liberty, Gregoire, diſtinguiſhed no leſs for a ſtrict adherence to his own faith, than for that large benevolence of ſoul which hails a brother in every religious creed, became the avowed advocate of this perſecuted race,

and

and prepared their way to liberty, by inculcating on the minds of their perſecutors the heavenly leſſon of toleration. Even the pale-faced creſcent, catching ſome particles of its divine light, has at length reflected its favoring beams on the celebration of Chriſtian worſhip. But in the Proteſtant Canton of Baſil no Catholic rites are allowed, and a Jew is an object of unceaſing abhorrence. Not only is the reſidence of theſe elder brethren of their faith forbidden by the burghers of Baſil; but without the expreſs permiſſion of the ſupreme magiſtrate, or hazarding the payment of a heavy fine, durſt any Iſraelitiſh wanderer reſt within the walls for one night his wearied head. No act of commerce can paſs between a Jew and a Baſilian, however equal their talents in the arts of trade, without the intervention of a public officer in aid of the latter; and ſo careful is the protecting hand of government in favor of the burgher, that no

contract

contract with a Jew, unleſs ratified by the burgo-maſter, is binding on the believer.

It has been invidiouſly ſtated, that the jealouſy of trade has ſuggeſted theſe prudent precautions; but the ſuperior attainments of the inhabitants of Baſil, in the ſcience of commerce, renders ſuch a precaution unneceſſary. No perſon of diſcernment will put in competition the fine commercial intelligence of a burgher of Baſil, with the rude cunning of the miſerable outcaſt of his proſcription; and this zeal againſt Judaiſm muſt be reſolved into the abhorrence with which Baſil Chriſtians conſider this impious ſect, delivered over to final reprobation. The Jew, who does not underſtand the niceties of Baſil belief, might indeed reaſonably expect to find in a free ſtate the privileges allowed to his brethren in deſpotic countries by Catholic inquiſitors: he may perhaps be

allowed

allowed to murmur at the detail of inhospitality with which he is treated at Basil, and exclaim with the Jew of Venice:

"O, Father Abraham, what these Christians are!"

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Government of the Canton of Baſil.—Mode of Election of the Members of the Council, and of the Profeſſors of the Univerſity.—Ancient and Modern State of Literature.

WHEN we obſerve in the Canton of Baſil, which is compoſed of forty thouſand inhabitants, that more than thirty thouſand of that number enjoy no privileges, it will be ſome relief to find that liberty has taken refuge among the remainder. The actual number of burghers does not exceed ſeven thouſand, and of theſe no more than three hundred wield the ſceptre of government for life, under the name of members of the great and little councils.

Although, when vacancies take place, the members of theſe councils are choſen from amongſt

amongſt the burghers, they are not choſen by them. The care of the nomination falls to the lot of the members of the councils themſelves, who, knowing from experience the fatigues and difficulties of governing, are ſuppoſed to be better informed than the maſs of the burghers, what heads are beſt organized for the duties of that important ſtation.

The right of citizenſhip is never acquired, as in France, by reſidence: the ambitious wight who aſpires to this diſtinction, after obtaining the permiſſion of the grand council, muſt purchaſe the privilege with a large ſum of money, unleſs he becomes enamoured of ſome fair daughter of a burgher, when he is allowed to make a compoſition for his freedom by paying one half in money, and as a compromiſe for the other, taxing himſelf with a wife. But though admitted to be a burgher, the privi-

lege

lege of being eligible to any office of the government belongs only to his poſterity of the third or fourth generation. Criminal conviction ſuſpends all civil rights, and the crime of bankruptcy at Baſil, ranked by other governments under the claſs of misfortunes, attaints with the ſame degradation even the higheſt officers of the ſtate.

Leſt thirty-nine thouſand ſeven hundred inhabitants of the Canton of Baſil ſhould murmur at being governed by three hundred ſelf-elected individuals, means have been taken to leſſen the appearance of this uſurpation in the eyes of the people. With this view the elections of the vacant ſeats of government are made by lot: when a vacancy happens ſix candidates are choſen by the great council, after which thoſe candidates draw lots for the place.

This mode of election may perhaps be

pardonable

pardonable with reſpect to the members of the great and little council. Perhaps no eminent talents are requiſite to fill thoſe ſtations, or to perform the parts of burgomaſters or tribunes; and indeed the opinion, that it requires little art to govern, appears to be ſpreading ſo generally throughout Europe, that in many parts of it men ſeem diſpoſed to govern themſelves.

But what is not to be forgiven is having adopted this mode of drawing lots to fill up the vacant ſeats at the univerſity. Thoſe ſuperior endowments of mind, which give the right of preſiding over the reſearches of ſcience, are in all ages and nations diſpenſed with parſimony, and at Baſil are probably for the moſt part diſpenſed in vain: ſince no doubt chance often bids dullneſs mount the throne, while black-balled genius "waſtes its talents on the deſart air." Of this there is a remarkable inſtance on the

records of the univerſity, where thoſe ornaments of their country, the illuſtrious mathematicians, the Bernoullis, who would have been the ornaments of any country, after frequent rejection by black-balls, obtained at length the chairs of profeſſors of rhetoric and botany.

It may indeed be now alledged in juſtification of this practice, that there is little to teach ſince there are few to learn: the colleges are without pupils, and the profeſſorſhips are merely ſinecures. Yet Baſil was once the centre of ſcience, the choſen reſidence of the great Eraſmus, and poſſeſſed an univerſity, the profeſſors of which were compoſed of the moſt enlightened men of the age, and on which the Eulers, and the Boehmens conferred celebrity: and we are told by Mr. Cox, that he found ſhopkeepers in this city reading Virgil, Horace, and Plutarch; from which he was, no doubt,

doubt, well authorized to draw his concluſion, that there is no country in the world where the people are ſo happy. But whatever were the Halcyon days of taſte and learning at the period of Mr. Cox's viſit, it is a melancholy fact, that this literary ſpirit has entirely evaporated ſince his departure. Theſe lettered triumphs, the "tales of other times," are buried in tenfold gloom: the Swiſs themſelves admit, that Baſil is the Bœotia of their country, and Horace, Virgil, and Plutarch, are now in general diſrepute, not only among the ſhopkeepers, but even among the wholeſale dealers of this once claſſic city.

Science is in few countries the certain road to wealth, but the modern rulers of Baſil ſeem to have determined, that it ſhall there be the ſure path to poverty. Since, while thoſe citizens, whoſe knowledge extends only to the rules of arthmetic, who

read nothing but their ledgers, and underſtand nothing but the courſe of exchange, enjoy all the laviſh luxuries of affluence, the ill-fated wight whom the love of learning, or the impulſe of genius leads to the profeſſorſhip of a college, is forced to content himſelf with that narrow ſtipend, which, inſtead of keeping pace with the increaſe of wealth, remains, amidſt its flowing tide, an antique monument of the few and ſimple wants of early times.

But to have annexed poverty to letters appears not to have been thought ſufficient by that portion of the praiſe-worthy Helvetic body, which preſides over the deſtinies of Baſil. They have ſtamped a mark of diſgrace on the brow of ſcience; and whilſt the taylor, the fiſherman, the ſhoe-maker, the boatman, all men but the man of letters, can aſſert their claims as burghers to the public honors and dignities of the ſtate,

" And

"And ſaving ignorance enthrones by law;"

POPE.

the profeſſors of the univerſity are excluded. Genius is treated like other ſtrangers in the city of Baſil, and refuſed all participation in the rights and immunities of its privileged burghers.

Even here, however, we find a choſen few have not bowed the knee to Baal, and who cultivate letters with the ardor of elegant minds; but their number is not ſufficient to ſave their city from reproach, and thoſe accompliſhed exceptions only ſerve to eſtabliſh the general rule, as a ſolitary flower on a deſart heath reminds the traveller of the ſurrounding barrenneſs. While I recall the few men of ſuperior intellectual endowments, which Baſil ſtill can boaſt, the image of my venerable friend, Colonel Frey, naturally preſents itſelf to my mind: that reſpectable veteran in litera-

ture as well as arms, who unites with thoſe poliſhed manners, acquired during fifty years of military ſervice in France, all the more ſolid attainments of learning and ſcience: he poſſeſſes a fine library, one of the few cabinets of natural hiſtory at Baſil, which, rich in petrifications, marbles, and minerals, deſerves the attention of ſtrangers, and paſſes the evening of an active life in the placid ſatisfactions of ſtudy. I enjoyed the advantage of his protection during my ſtay at Baſil, and have a ſufficiently diſcerning ſenſe of merit to know how to appreciate his friendſhip. Colonel Frey's ſecond ſon is married to M. du F——, the romantic hiſtory of whoſe parents is ſketched in my firſt volume of letters on France.

Mr. Le Grand, member of the great council, an ardent and enlightened friend of the French Republic, had taught his infants to liſp the cheriſhed ſounds of liberty,

and chaunt its favorite airs with ſuch fond enthuſiaſm, that his houſe ſeemed to me a chapel worthy of William Tell.

Although the number of enlightened men in Baſil is very inconſiderable, it is eaſy to perceive, that in the general reſurrection to liberty, which Switzerland is about to experience, this Canton, to borrow an expreſſion from Gibbon, will, from its moral and geographical poſition, be the firſt to caſt away the ſhroud.

CHAP. IX.

Curioſities of Baſil.—Arſenal.—Cathedral.—Public Library.—Dance of Death.—Departure from Baſil.—Sempack.—Reflections on the Love of Freedom.

DURING our ſtay at Baſil, we viſited, like other travellers, the arſenal, the ornaments of which are compoſed of ſhields, ſwords, and breaſt-plates, which, from their enormous ſize, would cruſh ten modern citizens of Baſil, and reminded us of Neſtor's ſpeech, where he exclaims—

" A god-like race of heroes once I knew,
" Such as no more theſe aged eyes ſhall view."

POPE'S HOMER.

We then proceeded to the cathedral, a fine piece of architecture, but disfigured without by a coating of red paint: what is moſt intereſting within is the tomb of Eraſmus,

Eraſmus, a frugal tablet of common marble ſtuck againſt the wall.

At the public library we were ſhewn, with extreme politeneſs, the various and valuable curioſities it contains; ſuch as the collection of manuſcripts which is highly precious, manuſcript letters of Eraſmus, the original ſketches of moſt of the fine pictures of Holbein, the Paſſion painted in the firſt ſtyle of this maſter, and other admirable pieces worthy of the public library and muſeum of Paris.

We ſaw M. Mechel's fine collection of engravings, and we alſo viſited the hideous ſeries of figures called the Dance of Death, and painted by Kleber, a pupil of Holbein. After ſeeing theſe, and ſome other leſs important curioſities, we took leave of our friends at Baſil, in order to enjoy a nearer view of thoſe ſublime objects, which we

had hitherto ſeen only at a diſtance, lifting their hoary heads to the heavens.

We croſſed again the Haverſtein, and paſſed through Olten to Arbourg, a ſmall town on the river Aar, overlooked by a caſtle, which is the northern baſtile of the Canton of Berne for ſtate-offenders. From Zoffingen, a pleaſant and populous town about two leagues from Arbourg, we proceeded through a delicious country of gently ſwelling hills, and finely watered meadows, to Surſee, a town of the Canton of Lucerne. Half a mile from Surſee is the Lake of Sempach, along which we travelled nearly the whole of its length, and which takes its name from a little town on the eaſtern ſide, where was fought that ever memorable battle which gave liberty to Switzerland. With equal contempt of their numbers and diſcipline, Duke Leopold, at the head of a formidable phalanx, and attended

tended by the firſt nobility of the empire, attacked the little army, conſiſting of thirteen hundred men of the four confederate Cantons, Lucerne, Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden. The Swiſs had in vain attempted to pierce the enemy's ranks, and the fate of war hung doubtful; when Arnold de Wilkenreid, devoting himſelf, like Decius, to certain death, after recommending his wife and children to the care of his country, opened the way to victory, by throwing himſelf on the lances of the Auſtrians, who, ſeized with aſtoniſhment at this effort of deſperate valour, yielded to the impetuous torrent for which Wilkenreid had freed a paſſage, and fled; leaving Leopold on the field with the flower of his army.

On the ſpot where this memorable victory was gained, is built a chapel in commemoration of the event; in which are ſeen the portraits of the Duke of Auſtria and

and his chief nobility who periſhed with him, and whoſe bodies were tranſported for burial to ſome diſtant abbey, while the aſhes of the Swiſs heroes yet conſecrate the field of honor where they ſo generouſly poured out their lives. Several of theſe chapels, the monuments of the piety and valour of the early Swiſs, are to be ſeen in this country. As feſtivals and games were inſtituted among the Greeks to keep alive the heroical deeds of their anceſtors, ſo the Swiſs, on the anniverſary of great events, were accuſtomed to go in ſolemn proceſſion to thoſe chapels, and offer up their public thanſgivings.

This practice, which has been long diſcontinued in other parts of Switzerland, is ſtill obſerved at this chapel. Every year, on the ninth of July, a ſolemn maſs is performed, and an oration ſuitable to the occaſion is pronounced; the Republic of

Lucerne

Lucerne defrays the expence, and ſome of the magiſtates attend the ſervice. The inhabitants of this diſtrict are not altogether unconſcious that they live in the neighbourhood of heroes. The perſon who undertook to be our Cicerone, was a ſmart-looking hoſteſs of a village inn.—"There," ſaid ſhe, "on the brow of that hill we ſtood, dreſſed in carters' frocks, and the Auſtrians thought we were a freſh army of ſoldiers." By *we* were meant the women of that day, who, according to local tradition, for it does not appear to be recorded in any hiſtory, made uſe of this ſtratagem to multiply the appearance of the confederated forces. Had our Cicerone lived at that period, there is no doubt, from the energy with which ſhe imputed to herſelf the feats of her anceſtry, that ſhe would have been foremoſt in the van of this *corps de reſerve.*

The remembrance of the illuſtrious acts

of

of their anceſtors is cheriſhed by enſlaved nations with fond enthuſiaſm, and even degenerated nations attempt to hide their own diſgrace beneath the glories of their hiſtory. When the French armies lately entered Greece, the Patriarch, at the head of the proceſſion, met the conquerors with the books of Homer. Though bowed beneath the yoke of European tyranny,

"Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame,"

Is felt not only by

——— "the ſavage youth
"Beneath the odorous ſhade
"Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid;"

GRAY.

but throughout the immenſe tract of that rich and violated continent, where the Peruvian, ſtealing from the glance of his tyrant, hies to the native circle, joins in the melancholy dance, and laments, with tears,

tears, the departed ſplendour of his country *.

* Of the exiſtence of this fond enthuſiaſm I have lately heard much from ſome well informed Frenchmen, who had been long reſident in that part of the globe, and who, under the falſe pretence of their being engaged in a conſpiracy in favor of liberty, were thrown into the dungeons of Mexico, where they remained loaded with irons till after the concluſion of the peace between France and Spain, when they were ordered to leave the country. The Viceroy of Mexico, brother of the Prince de Paix, as a reward for his vigilant perſecution of thoſe French citizens, was decorated by his Court with the title of Reconquiſtador, and a ſecond Cortez.

When in my poem on Peru, one of my earlieſt productions, I fondly poured forth the wiſh that the natives of that once happy country might regain their freedom, it ſeemed rather the illuſive dream of fancy than founded on any ſolid baſis of hope. That revolution had not yet taken place, which appears deſtined to break the fetters of mankind in whatever region they are found, and which tranſforms what was once the viſion of poetic enthuſiaſm into the ſober certainty of expectation.

The

The human mind, frozen under the ſuperſtition of ages, unfolds itſelf to the genial gale of freedom, paſſing even for a moment over its ſtiffened faculties. The tranſient revolt of Rhenzi was regarded by Petrarch as the return of the golden age of Rome; and the ſubject of the Italian Pontiff views, at the preſent day, the light of freedom reflected from the rocks of the Ciſalpine Republic on the capitol, and hails the happy augur.

Feſtivals in favour of liberty, had they been habitual in Switzerland, would probably have been forbidden by the policy of the times. It would have been dangerous to have kindled fuel near ſo mighty a conflagration. But where the ſpirit of liberty is to be preſerved or excited, as in France, perhaps no means is more effectual than that of the periodical commemoration of great events.

events. What Frenchman can hear, unmoved, the names of Fleurus, Lodi, Kell, Arcole, and the Tagliamento?—but were the long list of French victories to be commemorated, the calendar itself would scarcely contain the catalogue.

CHAP. X.

Lucerne.—Voyage down the Lake of Lucerne.—Gerſau.—Schweitz.—Brunnen.—Tell's Chapel.—Lake of Uri.

AFTER leaving the lake of Sempach, we aſcended the hills that lead to Lucerne. From their ſummits, we were firſt preſented with the near view of that grand and majeſtic ſcenery, which we had hitherto only beheld at a diſtance. Mount Pilate, lifted high above the rolling clouds its ſhagged head; of which, at intervals, we caught a glance, while its dark green ſides contraſted finely with the varied vegetation around us.

The approach to Lucerne is beautifully pictureſque. About half a league from the town

town we croſſed the Emmen, near the ſpot where it mingles its ſtreams with the Reuſs, which pours its ſwelling and limpid waters of a graſſy hue from the lake. Lucerne is divided by this river, and the lake, into unequal portions, but the communication is rendered eaſy and agreeable by means of four bridges; one of which of ordinary conſtruction, ſerves for the paſſage of carriages, while the other three are calculated only for foot paſſengers. Theſe bridges, one of which is ſix or ſeven hundred feet in length, and another from three to four hundred feet, preſent delightful views over the lake to the mountains, and ſerve as walks to the inhabitants, who are ſheltered from the ſun and rain, by a roof ſupported at every ten ſteps by pillars of wood: between thoſe pillars pannels are fixed, painted on both ſides, which repreſent in ſome places the moſt celebrated events of their national hiſtory, and in others ſcrip-

ture-ſubjects, and fanciful figures of poetry and romance, ſuch as winged dragons, griffins, devils, and centaurs:

"Monſters and Hydras, and Chimæras dire."

MILTON.

Some of theſe paintings are well executed; but are unfavorably placed on account of the ſhadow of the roof. One of our Lucerne friends pointed out a piece which repreſented an execution, the inſtrument of death reſembles the machine, of which ſuch abhorred uſe was made in France during the reign of terror, and robs of the merit of the invention a member of the firſt national aſſembly, M. Guillotin, whoſe name it bears.

As we wiſhed to croſs the Alps without delay, we remained but a ſhort time at Lucerne, intending on our return to take a more detailed view of this enchanting country.

country. Before our departure we made a viſit to General Pfyffer, whoſe plan in relief of the little Cantons is an intereſting monument of topographical genius and laborious conſtancy. The General related to us with his uſual affability, all the perils and difficulties he had encountered in the formation of this admirable mimick-creation of ſilver torrents, moſſy foreſts, tin houſes, and glaſs lakes.

We embarked our horſes, and departing from Lucerne at an early hour of a fine cloudleſs morning, began our voyage down the lake to Altorf. The hills riſing from the ſhores near the town, which are but of little elevation, are covered for the moſt part with country-houſes and gardens; and here the inhabitants, inſtead of warring with nature by ſtrait lines and trimmed trees, had aided her lovelineſs by their taſte in diſpoſition and forbearance in ornament.

At the diſtance of three miles from Lucerne the lake opens on both ſides, ſtretching away on the left to the Canton of Zug, and on the right to that of Underwalden. On the one ſide Mount Pilate, riſing abrupt from the waters, diſplayed its ſublime and uncovered head: on the other the lofty but more humble Rigi poured down its numerous torrents, illuminated by the ſunbeams, like ſilvered lines in ſwift ſucceſſion, at which we gazed with delight, while we were paſſing along tremendous rocks, whoſe vaſt ſhadows fell black upon the clear azure of the waters. Before us the mountains ſwelled majeſtically, clothed with a luxuriancy of trees; but as we proceeded the rocks narrowed, and ſeemed to forbid our progreſs.

At this point the breadth of the lake is very inconſiderable; but having paſſed theſe ſtraights a turn of the rock diſcovers another

ther ample ſea, whence we diſcerned the lofty hills of Uri on our right; and to the weſt a conſiderable portion of the refluent lake that waſhed the rocks of Underwalden.

On the left, beneath the inacceſſible and encircling craggs of the Rigi, is ſituated the independent ſtate of Gerſau, where we diſembarked.

This Republic comprehending its regency, ſingle, double, and triple councils, treaſurer, grand ſautier, ſecretaries, judges, miniſters, officers, naval and military force, and the governed of all deſcriptions, contains from nine hundred to a thouſand ſouls. Cavalry makes no part of the ſtrength of this territory, ſince the lofty ramparts of rock, by which it is divided from the main land, are inacceſſible to horſes. It poſſeſſes, however, a numerous fleet of boats, which

rode at anchor before the port, and prevented for ſome time the entrance of our veſſel. Having on our landing ſauntered to one part of the ſtate to take a ſurvey of its edifices, our ears were aſſailed by a tumultuous noiſe, which proceeded from the tuneful throats of a multitude aſſembled in the church at the other end of the republic, celebrating the praiſes of Saints Zeno and Bridget.

The chief import of this republic is raw ſilk, which is manufactured for Baſil and Zurich; its exports are principally fruit and fiſh, in the capture of which the fleet is employed which we ſaw moored in the harbour.

Gerſau allied itſelf to the Democratic Cantons in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and adopted their form of government. The hiſtory of the wars and treaties,

troubles,

troubles, domeſtic and foreign, of this ſmall republic, though it make no conſiderable figure in the hiſtory of the world, fills many a page in the records of the Lake of the four Cantons.

The earlieſt warlike atchievement of Gerſau appears to have been directed againſt Lucerne. Diſcontented with a deciſion given by the Canton of Zug, as arbitrator, in favour of the Lucernois, the Gerſovians, like Homer's heroes, began hoſtilities by ſtealing the cattle of their neighbours of Wigis,

"When from their fury fled the trembling ſwains,
"And theirs was all the plunder of the plains;
"Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
"As many goats, as many lowing kine."

POPE'S ILIAD, Book xi.

Repriſals were made, and the conteſt might perhaps have been as bloody as that of the Pylian

Pylian Sage with the Epian powers, had not the allied Cantons interfered, and impoſed a heavy retribution on the Gerſovians.

This republic, which is ſaid to be the leaſt in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe, and is ſcarcely known beyond the ken of the craggs, and the lake that ſurround it, far from furniſhing us with new themes of the happineſs and ſecurity of ſuch humble ſtates, bore many marks of the vices and defects of more extenſive governments. A few handſome manſions, ſurrounded by wretched cabins, and infeſted by beggars, afforded no preſumptive evidence of an equal diſtribution of power or wealth. The republic of Gerſau, however, has ſometimes had the honour of holding the balance of Swiſs power, and is ſaid at the famous battle of Cappel, in which Zuinglius fell, to have turned the ſcale in favour

of the cauſe for which they fought, and to have been one of the principal inſtruments in the preſervation of the Catholic Religion in Switzerland.

After having viſited whatever was worthy of notice at Gerſau, we reimbarked and proceeded on our voyage. The Canton of Schweitz lay in the direction we were ſailing, preſenting us with a fine perſpective of woody and romantic country, riſing from ſloping hills, on the ſide of which the town of Schweitz is built, into lofty foreſts of pines, which are crowned by two towering mountains with ſharp pointed peaks. The town of Brunnen is the port of this Canton, and the road from thence to Schweitz, about two miles diſtance, is an agreeable walk, which is uſually taken by every traveller who ſails up this lake; ſince few refuſe to turn a little out of their way in order

to

to tread upon the ſpot which gives its name to Switzerland.

The ſhores of the Lake of the four Cantons have witneſſed moſt of the great actions that have been performed in Switzerland; as thoſe of the Mediterranean have been the ſcenes of whatever has moſt dignified the hiſtory of the world. At Brunen, in 1315, the treaty was confirmed between the countries of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, which aſſerted their independence. At Grutlen, a village at the foot of the Seeliſburg, on the oppoſite ſide of the lake, was held the confederacy where the generous deſign was planned by the three heroes for the deliverance of their country. The chapel of William Tell, as we advanced, preſents itſelf on the right, perched among the rocks, in commemoration of his eſcape from the bailiff Geiſler, by leaping from

the

the boat in the midſt of a tempeſt raiſed by ſubterraneous winds, which often render this navigation dangerous.

No place could ſurely be found more correſpondent to a great and generous purpoſe, more worthy of an heroical and ſublime action, than the auguſt and ſolemn ſcenery around us. The Lake which we had traverſed nearly from weſt to eaſt, turns direct from the point oppoſite Brunen to the ſouth, and is ſaid to be in this part ſix or ſeven hundred feet deep. This branch is called the Lake of Uri. Near its entrance inſulated pointed rocks of ſingular form and conſtruction riſe boldly from the water. Having paſſed thoſe precipices, we entered into a gulph, of which the boundaries were awfully terrific. On each ſide of the profound abyſs, the dark lowering rocks roſe ſometimes abrupt, and barren, ſometimes preſenting tufts of pine and beech

beech between its ſhaggy maſſes, and occaſionally beyond theſe ſavage limits of the lake, the eye caught a glimpſe of mountains in the lofty perſpective, clothed midway with foreſts, and riſing into peaks of alternate paſturage and craggs.

Beneath their inacceſſible ramparts, whoſe enormous height gives an appearance of narrowneſs to the lake, we ſailed, gazing with that kind of rapt aſtoniſhment which fears to diſturb, or be diſturbed by the mutual communication of thought. The approach of night ſpread new forms of ſhadowy greatneſs over the ſcene. We had loitered many hours on our paſſage, forgetting that the laſt part of our voyage was the moſt perilous. But the unruffled ſtillneſs of the water, the delicious ſerenity of the evening, and the long reflected rays of the moon from the whitened ſummits of the oppoſite mountains, of which we ſometimes

caught

caught a glimpſe, diſſipated every idea of danger. The only ſounds that broke the awful ſilence were the gentle motion of the oars of our wearied boatmen, and the tolling of the diſtant bell from Altorf, borne down the lake, and

"Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar."

MILTON.

We had paſſed through all the ſoft gradations of twilight, and had enjoyed the browneſt horrors of evening in all their deepening gloom, before the moon had ſcaled the lofty ſummits which concealed her from our view. At length ſhe burſt upon us in her fulleſt radiancy, illumining the duſky ſides of the cragged rocks, and the dark foliage of the piny woods; burniſhing with her ſilver rays the ſmooth and limpid waters; ſhooting her ſhadowy beams along the lake to the diſtant perſpective

tive of the mountains we had left behind; and lighting up the whole majeſtic ſcenery with glorious and chaſtened luſtre.

We reached almoſt with regret Fluellen, the port whither we were bound, and mounting our horſes proceeded to Altorf, which lies at the diſtance of two miles.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Altorf.—William Tell.—Aſcent to St. Gothard.—Waſſen.—Valley of Schellinen.—Devil's Bridge.—Vale of Urſeren.

NOTWITHSTANDING our impatience to climb St. Gothard, it would have been unpardonable not to have paſſed a few hours in contemplating the moſt remarkable objects at Altorf, the capital of Uri, and the laurelled cradle of the Helvetic confederation.

Two hundred years ſince, the tree yet ſtood erect in the market-place, to which the ſon of William Tell was bound. On this ſacred ſpot is built a kind of painted tower, and at ſome little diſtance, where it is ſaid the father ſtood, when he ſhot the apple from his ſon's head, a public foun-

tain is erected, called Tell's fountain; on which is placed the frowning ſtatue of this generous deliverer of his country. There muſt ſurely be ſome defect in the heart, which feels no enthuſiaſtic glow, while we tread over the ſpots where thoſe heroes have trod, who have ſtruggled for the liberties of mankind, or bled for their rights. Yet one of that everlaſting race of doubters, who wage an eternal war with all thoſe ſublime traditions, thoſe heroical ſacrifices, and thoſe deeds of greatneſs, which it is delightful to believe, has deſtroyed with a touch of his ſterile pen all the bright images with which imagination peoples this ſcene of marvels, by aſſerting in a treatiſe, publiſhed thirty years ſince at Berne, that all the romantic feats of William Tell were in far remoter times performed by Toko, a Dane, againſt Harold, a king of Denmark, in the tenth century. This cold inquirer was probably not aware of all the diſagree-

able

able ſenſations, which would be felt by enthuſiaſtic travellers, who had been worſhipping the ſtatue of Tell, when they were informed that their homage ſhould be addreſſed to Toko. It is indeed pretended that there is an unfortunate co-incidence of circumſtances in the narration of the Daniſh hiſtorian, with reſpect to the ſhooting at the apple, and the ſpeech made to the tyrant. The ſovereign council of Berne, however, ordered the book to be burnt, and I feel much inclined to excuſe this coercive meaſure of thoſe puiſſant Lords, ſince I cannot but ſhare their reſentment. Tell is in England, as well as Switzerland, the hero of our infancy; the marvellous tale of the apple is one of our earlieſt leſſons, and who can endure to give to Toko thoſe trophies, which he has been taught from childhood were the rights of Tell! The only circumſtance in the Saxon's favor, or rather that of the author who cites him; is the mo-

deſty with which he delivers his doubts: had he lived in our days, he would, perhaps, have allegorized William Tell and Toko himſelf, with as little ceremony as M. Dupuis, and his leſs learned pupils in infidelity, have allegorized the moſt ſacred characters of antiquity. The fantaſtic ſpeculations of theſe later Pyrrhoniſts have indeed been treated with more ſeverity than the fable of the Hiſtorian. The political infallibility of a ſovereign council may perhaps be arraigned, and Rouſſeau ſuggeſts, "that burning is not anſwering;" but who ſhall raiſe up the whimſical tribe of Allegoriſts, cruſhed beneath the logical wit of the philoſophical believer?

After leaving Altorf, we journeyed along a valley of three leagues, through which the Reuſs flows with the ordinary rapidity of a Swiſs river.

About

About ſix miles from Altorf, we paſſed by a chapel in a meadow; the façade of which was decorated with a highly coloured painting, repreſenting a ſtag-hunt, which appeared to be a ſingular ornament for a place of religious worſhip. We found upon inquiry, that this meadow was one of the places of general aſſembly, that it was called the Jag-Matt, or hunting meadow; and that on the day of St. Mark the whole country march to this chapel in proceſſion.

The rocks, clothed at intervals with trees of various ſorts roſe high and ſteep on each ſide of the valley, which wore a fertile and ſmiling appearance till we came to the village of Stag; above which the Alps firſt lift their majeſtic heads. Here we began to aſcend that maſs of mountains, which is rather the baſe than the mountain itſelf of St. Gothard. The road ſuddenly becomes ſo

ſteep, that it required at firſt ſome addreſs to keep a ſeat on horſeback. The river, which glided gently through the valley on its expanded bed, being now hemmed in by rocks, begins to ſtruggle for its paſſage at a profound depth. The pine clad-hills roſe on each ſide to our fartheſt ken, down which torrent ſtreams were ruſhing, and croſſed our way to mingle themſelves with the Reuſs, which continually preſented new ſcenes of wonder. The mountains ſeemed to cloſe upon us as we advanced, ſometimes but juſt ſpace enough was left to admit the paſſage of the river foaming through the rocks, which ſeem obſtinately to oppoſe its paſſage. The road lay for a conſiderable length on the left ſide of the precipices, from which we beheld the ſtruggles of the waters, and the tremendous ſucceſſion of caſcades which they formed. An abrupt precipice, forbidding the continuance of the road on this ſide, a bridge of hardy conſtruc-

tion

tion led to the oppoſite mountain, which is aſcended, till meeting with a ſimilar obſtruction, we croſſed the ſtream again to the left.

On one of theſe bridges, we halted to gaze upon the ſcene around us, and the yawning gulph below. The depth is ſo tremendous, that the firſt emotion, in looking over the bridge is that of terror, leſt the ſide ſhould fall away and plunge you into the dark abyſs; and it requires ſome reflection to calm the painful turbulence of ſurprize, and leave the mind the full indulgence of the ſenſations of ſolemn enthuſiaſtic delight, which ſwell the heart, while we contemplate ſuch ſtupendous objects.

The name of this bridge, in the language of the country, is the Prieſt's leap; whether the holy man leapt over the gulph, or into it, is not remembered, but it is difficult to

hear the ſtory on the ſpot without an involuntary ſhudder, or fancy yourſelf in perfect ſecurity.

" The very place puts toys of deſperation,
" Without more motive into every brain,
" That looks ſo many fathoms to the gulph,
" And hears it roar beneath."

SHAKESPEARE.

The road up to the village of Waſſen is highly romantic: here the induſtry of men has tamed ſome of thoſe wild torrents, of which ſuch numbers run idly to waſte; and ſawing mills and other machinery owe their impulſe to thoſe ſwiftly deſcending volumes. In this village we halted to repoſe from our fatigues, and began to feel ſome of the mountain breezes which contraſted very agreeably with the concentrated heat that had ſubdued us in the valley beneath. It was Sunday, the day was fine, and the village was crouded with the mountaineers

taineers who had come in to keep the feſtival, and practiſe, as they do every week in ſome village of the Canton, the art of ſhooting at a mark, which, independent of the amuſement, is a duty impoſed on every citizen, who, under the inſpection of a magiſtrate, is obliged in the courſe of the year to fire a certain number of rounds, that he may keep his arms in order, and not forget the means of defending his country in caſe of invaſion. We could yet ſee no traces of ſnow, except in the numerous torrents which rolled down the enormous mountains, the ſtreams of which were conſiderably increaſed from a cauſe that in leſs mountainous countries would have produced an oppoſite effect, the exceſſive heat and dryneſs of the weather, which melted the ſnows of the Glaciers.

The views around Waſſen are aſtoniſhing for their variety as well as beauty. You

perceive, however, after paſſing the village, that you are advancing into a country where man is obliged to be continually at war with nature. On one ſide the mountain was ſtripped of its piny clothing to ſome extent, diſcovering, inſtead of dark green foliage, a bare rocky and gravelly waſte, interſperſed with wrecks of trees. This, we were told, was the ravage of an avalanche. When whole foreſts of majeſtic height are ſwept away with irreſiſtible fury, what means of defence can human force oppoſe to ſuch mighty deſtruction? Men, however, live tranquilly amidſt the danger, and build their houſes in ſuch poſitions, and after ſuch a conſtruction, that the enemy, even if he chances to take the direction of their habitations, may paſs over them unhurt.

Rocks, for the moſt part, are made their allies againſt theſe invaſions from the ſnowy moun-

mountains; but even rocks, coeval with time, often yield to the terrible devaſtation. As we advanced, the country, which had hitherto preſented ſcenes of blended grace and majeſty, began to aſſume an aſpect of ſavage wildneſs and terror. A few habitations and green ſpots amidſt theſe deſerts, gave ſtill ſome relief to the piece; but after paſſing the little village of Geſtinen, and the torrent of the Meyen which croſſes the road to increaſe the waters of the Reuſs, all is tremendous and awful. Here no pines wave their lofty heads, no mountain ſhrubs diſplay their ſimple flowrets, nor does even a blade of weed betray the poſſibility of exiſtence to any thing that breathes.

It was now the moſt luxuriant part of ſummer; we had left the glowing harveſts beneath ripe for the ſickle, and the fruits at two or three leagues diſtance hung in laviſh cluſters upon the bough; but in this region

region it not only was winter, but a winter that ſeemed here to have fixed its eternal abode; for not only were there no traces of renovation to inſpire hope, but the impoſſibility of change was every where obdurately marked. Immenſe piles of naked rock, not leſs lofty than the mountains along which we paſſed, roſe ſometimes perpendicularly above our heads, and ſometimes falling back, left between the road and their horrid tops immenſe maſſes that ſeemed ſhivered from their ſides, forming vaſt fields of rock.

This paſſage, which in ſummer is ſufficiciently terrific, becomes dangerous in winter by the frequent avalanches that ruſh from thoſe tremendous heights, and ſo delicately are theſe meſſengers of deſtruction hung on the ſummits, that the guides and mule-drivers tye up the bells of their cattle to prevent the gingling, and forbid a word

to

to be ſpoken by the paſſengers, that the avalanche, which waits on the mountain to overwhelm them, may not hear them approach. Little croſſes placed by the road ſide where travellers have periſhed, are melancholy mementos of ſuch mortal accidents, againſt which, however, precautions are taken, by firing muſkets to ſhake the air and precipitate the impending avalanche. Huge fragments of rocks ſometimes preſent themſelves as if they threatened to obſtruct the way; and we remarked one enormous piece of beautiful granite that ſkirted the road, and is called the devil's ſtone, which, on account of ſome miſunderſtanding with the people of the country, he brought down from the mountain to deſtroy ſome of the works he had himſelf formerly conſtructed.

If any ſuperſtition is pardonable, it is that of the inhabitants of this mountain,

and

and had the epic poets from Homer, down to our ſublime Milton, ſeen this valley of Schellinen before they deſcribed their Tartarus or Pandemonium, they would have caught ſome new images of the ſavage and terrific, and their hells would have been habitations leſs deſirable.

The devil of this country, however, cannot, in the eſtimation of the rude mountaineers, be the ſame malignant miſchievous fiend which the inhabitants of plains and civilized countries make him, ſince, if he has choſen this chaos of nature for his habitation, he has not ſhut up his palace, like other ſtately monarchs, from the vulgar eye, but, on the contrary, has unfolded the receſſes of his dwelling by opening ways, and building bridges, which the mountaineers believe none but himſelf could have conſtructed, and by which he has certainly "deſerved well of the country."

Nothing

Nothing can be imagined more bold and daring than the road that leads through the valley of Schellenen to the mountain of St. Gothard; the difficulties appear almoſt inſurmountable; ſometimes the road ſeems ſo narrow between frightful precipices on each ſide, that great blocks of granite are placed on the edges as ſafeguards to the paſſengers; and where the mountain forbids all poſſibility of paſſage, offering an impenetrable rampart by its vertical abruptneſs, the path juts out from the ſide ſupported by arches and pillars, which are built up from ſome ſalient points of the maſs beneath, and ſeems "a ridge of pendant rock over the vexed abyſs."

This road, the breadth of which differs according to the facility of conſtruction, is in ſome places from twelve to fifteen feet wide, and in others only ten, leaving in general ſpace enough for loaded mules to

paſs each other; it is paved the greateſt part of the way with granite, and is compared, by Mr. Raymond, to a ribband thrown negligently over the mountains.

After winding for ſome time among theſe awful ſcenes, of which no painting can give an adequate deſcription, and of which an imagination the moſt pregnant in ſublime horrors could form but a very imperfect idea, we came within the ſound of theſe cataracts of the Reuſs which announced our approach towards another operation of Satanic power, called the Devil's Bridge. We were more ſtruck with the auguſt drapery of this ſupernatural work, than with the work itſelf. It ſeemed leſs marvellous than expectation had pictured it, and we were perhaps the more diſappointed, as we remembered that "the wonderous art pontifical," was a part of architecture with which his infernal majeſty was perfectly

fectly well acquainted; and the rocks of the valley of Schellenen were certainly as ſolid foundations for bridge building as "the aggregated ſoil ſolid, or ſlimy," which was collected amidſt the waſte of chaos, and crouded drove "from each ſide ſhoaling towards the mouth of hell *."

On this ſpot we loitered for ſome time to contemplate the ſtupendous and terrific ſcenery. The mountainous rocks lifted their heads abrupt, and appeared to fix the limits of our progreſs at this point, unleſs we could climb the mighty torrent which was ſtruggling impetuouſly for paſſage under our feet, after precipitating its afflicted waters with tremendous roar in ſucceſſive caſcades over the disjointed rocks, and filling the atmoſphere with its foam.

Separating ourſelves with reluctance

* Paradiſe Loſt, Book x.

from theſe objects of overwhelming greatneſs, we turned an angle of the mountain at the end of the bridge, and proceeded along a way of difficult aſcent, which led to a rock that ſeemed inflexibly to bar our paſſage. A bridge faſtened to this rock by iron work, and ſuſpended over the torrent, was formerly the only means of paſſing, but numerous accidents led the government to ſeek another outlet. The rock being too high to climb, and too weighty to remove, the engineer took the middle way, and bored a hole in the ſolid maſs two hundred feet long, and about ten or twelve feet broad and high, through which he carried the road, The entrance into this ſubterraneous paſſage is almoſt dark, and the little light that penetrates through a crevice in the rock, ſerves only to make its obſcurity more viſible. Filled with powerful images of the terrible and ſublime, from the enormous objects which I had been contemplating

ing for ſome hours paſt, objects, the forms of which were new to my imagination, it was not without a feeling of reluctance that I plunged into this ſcene of night, whoſe thick gloom heightened every ſenſation of terror.

After paſſing through this cavern, the view which ſuddenly unfolded itſelf appeared rather a gay illuſion of the fancy than real nature. No magical wand was ever fabled to ſhift more inſtantaneouſly the ſcene, or call up forms of more ſtriking contraſt to thoſe on which we had gazed. On the other ſide of the cavern we ſeemed amidſt the chaos or the overthrow of nature; on this we beheld her dreſt in all the lovelineſs of infancy or renovation, with every charm of ſoft and tranquil beauty. The rugged and ſtony interſtices between the mountain and the road were here changed into ſmooth and verdant paths; the abrupt

precipice and ſhagged rock were metamorphoſed into gently ſloping declivities; the barren and monotonous deſert was transformed into a fertile and ſmiling plain. The long reſounding cataract, ſtruggling through the huge maſſes of granite, here became a calm and limpid current, gliding over fine beds of ſand with gentle murmurs, as if reluctant to leave that enchanting abode.

Near the middle of this delicious valley, called the Vale of Urſeren, is the village of In-der-Malt, which appeared to have been lately built: behind it was a ſmall foreſt of pine trees, which are preſerved with ſo much care as a rampart againſt the avalanches, that the ſacred wood was not held more inviolate; and we were told, that the profanation of the axe on this palladium would be followed with the death of the ſacrilegious offender.

One

One of my fellow travellers obſerved, that this valley, which is three miles in length, and two in breadth, had, according to every appearance, been originally a lake; for which he adduced many mineralogical reaſons; and that the drying up of the lake was occaſioned by ſome violent fraction at the bottom of the valley, which drained the water off from the land, leaving it in its preſent form. Every part of the valley bore marks of high cultivation, if that term can be applied to the culture of meadow lands, where we ſaw herds of cattle grazing. One production indeed, eſſentially neceſſary for a country ſo elevated, was wanting; although the day had been uncommonly beautiful and ſerene, and the ſun ſhed its ſofteſt rays where we entered this valley, yet the ſnows on the higher mountains, and our feelings, when at the cloſe of the evening we reached the village of the Hoſpital, at the oppoſite ſide of the valley, reminded us that the

moſt acceptable offering our hoſt could make us was, one of thoſe bundles of wood which the villagers are obliged to bring up with great labor and expence from the mountains beneath.

According to popular tradition, this valley was not always ſo unprovided with this article of firſt neceſſity: the mountaineers are perſuaded that their hills were once covered with foreſts, but that ſome magician who dwelt higher up the mountain, or in ſome other place, leſs a paradiſe than their own, not only burnt their woods, but ſo bound the ſoil with potent ſpells, that it has ever ſince been incapable of producing trees. The magician could not have exhibited a more miſchievous ſpecimen of his art to the inhabitants of this valley. Time might indeed have repaired the conflagration, but what exorciſm ſhall reſtore fertility to the enchanted ſoil! Some writers conjecture

that

that the wood in this valley was conſumed by accident; and that trees grew no more on the ſpot, becauſe the winds which ſweep irreſiſtibly over the heights tear up the young plants before they can take root, being unſheltered by old trees. The greater part of the vallies of Switzerland, it is obſerved, wear the ſame appearance; the ſoil occaſionally gives way; the trees on the higher ground loſe their footing and ſlide down; thoſe which grow beneath them being no longer ſheltered are torn up by winds; and ſnow which then accumulates without oppoſition on the heights, where thoſe foreſts ſtood, melting at the return of ſpring, overwhelms the hills with torrents, dragging away the vegetable earth, and leaving the mountain a ſkeleton, unfit for paſturage, or precipitating itſelf in the form of avalanches, deſtroys every thing in its courſe,

This valley is under the protection, or rather ſubject to the Canton of Uri. It formerly made part of the Empire, but the Abbot of Diſertis, in the Griſons, poſſeſſed various ſeignorial rights. The houſe of Auſtria diſpoſed of its prefecture in the beginning of the fourteenth century, to Henri de L'Hoſpital, a gentleman of Uri, from whom it was afterwards forcibly transferred, as hiſtorians tell us, to Conrad de Moos, another gentleman of the ſame country. The paſſage through this valley had often been the ſubject of contention. At one time the inhabitants, aſſiſted by the Abbot, made war on their neighbours of Uri; at another, aided by their former opponents and two other neighbouring Cantons, they croſſed St. Gothard to fight with their preſent fellow ſubjects, the inhabitants of the Levantine. Various other diſputes having ariſen between the inhabitants and the Abbot, which always terminated in

bloodſhed,

bloodſhed, the people who had been indebted to their allies of Uri, for their aſſiſtance in the preſervation of their liberties, ſucceeded in the beginning of the fifteenth century in a negociation with the Canton, and relieved themſelves for ever of the trouble of taking any farther care of their own privileges, by putting them under the direction of their more powerful neighbours, with a reſerve, however, of municipal rights, ſuch as the election of their magiſtrates, and the trial of civil and criminal cauſes, ſubject to the reviſion of the Canton of Uri.

The valley contains two other villages, beſides theſe already mentioned; and they are the higheſt ſocial habitations in Europe. The eccleſiaſtical affairs of the valley are under the direction of the Biſhop of Coire, nor has the late revolution interrupted this ſpiritual intercourſe. Formerly the inhabi-

tants

tants choſe their prieſts ſubject to the confirmation of the biſhop, and the Abbot of Diſentis, but of late the adminiſtrator in holy things is a Capuchin of the Canton.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Top of St. Gothard.—Airolo.

WE paſſed the night at the village of Hoſpital, and the next morning purſued our journey, beginning from hence to aſcend what is properly the mountain of St. Gothard. The ſcene no longer exhibited the ſavage horrors of the chaos we had traverſed the preceding day; the road was neither extremely rapid or dangerous; every where we beheld vegetation, and the mountain myrtle, the white hellebore, and other ſhrubs, indigenous to high regions, were in their bloom. The Reuſs had now ſunk into a rivulet, being no longer fed, as below, by the numerous ſtreams that aſſemble their waters from the hills on each ſide Urſeren; ſometimes it preſented a ſucceſſion of fanci-

ful

ful caſcades, acroſs which one might leap without apprehenſion, even if the foot ſhould ſlip in the enterpriſe. We had been much affected during the night with cold, and concluded that we had more to ſuffer before we gained the ſummit; but exerciſe and the enlivening ſun-beams baniſhed a ſenſation ſo new, after having the preceding day felt the heats of July in the valley of Altorf.

We hitherto found that we had indulged a vain expectation of enjoying, from thoſe lofty heights, vaſt and pictureſque views of the countries beneath; ſince we had nearly attained what is called the top of St. Gothard, and had yet ſeen no object that was more remote than the diſtance of two leagues. If we looked forward, there appeard nothing but the mountain which we had to climb, and which, having aſcended, was ſucceeded by another. When we looked

back, the mountain we had left was the only object which preſented itſelf, and on either ſide our view was confined by theſe wooded precipices, through which, the preceding morning, we had winded our way. Between Urſeren and the ſummit of St. Gothard, amidſt piles of rocks which ſeemed to forbid all ken beyond, we were, however, gratified with one of thoſe burſts through an opening to the north, which diſplayed in rich ſucceſſion the ſummits of all the mountains we had paſſed, and others at an immenſe diſtance, ſome gilded by ſunſhine, and ſome enveloped by clouds rolling like a troubled ocean far beneath.

Although the ſun poured its noon-tide rays, we perceived that we were aſcending into regions of froſt, from the appearance, or rather the abſence, of vegetation. The luxuriant paſture of the valley was ſucceeded by a coarſe ſpiral graſs, which now gave way

way to moſs, or the bare rock, and a ſolitary and ſtunted ſhrub ſometimes protruding itſelf, ſeemed to mark, not ſo much the barrenneſs of the ſoil, as the proſcription of vegetable life.

We at length attained the ſummit of St. Gothard, and were ſaluted on our arrival at the convent by a courteous monk, who came out to welcome us, and invite to take refreſhments. During three or four months in the year theſe Capuchins ſpend their time agreeably enough, and probably there is no ſpot half ſo far out of the reach of the habitable globe, where ſo much variety of amuſement is to be found. Every ſucceſſive gueſt has much to inquire or impart, and here above the world theſe hermits have many opportunities of witneſſing the whimſies and follies with which it abounds. They informed us, that the day before our arrival a numerous retinue of horſes, oxen,

mules, and other cattle, had paſſed in the ſuite of a great man, whoſe carriage they had dragged, by his order, from the bottom of the mountain, that he might have the fame of croſſing St. Gothard in a vehicle with wheels. As our countrymen are known to be the only travelling philoſophers, who make experiments of this kind, the Monks had no difficulty in conjecturing on the approach of this long proceſſion, that if it was not the Emperor, or the burgo-maſter of Berne, the two greateſt perſonages they had heard of, it muſt be an Engliſh Lord; and they were not miſtaken in their conjecture; it proved to be an Engliſh Lord, who, for the reaſons above-mentioned, had run the riſk of breaking his neck in his mountain gig, over precipices, which he might have traverſed without danger on horſeback, or if he could not ride, in a litter. A tragical effect of this ſort of temerity had happened ſome time before to another young Engliſh nobleman,

nobleman, who, although repeatedly warned by his tutors, that if he attempted to ſwim down the cataracts of the Rhine, near Rhinfelden, he would inevitably be daſhed to pieces, made the fatal experiment, and periſhed with his companion on the rocks.

In the winter the intercourſe of theſe fathers is confined chiefly to the muleteers, who, at all ſeaſons, traverſe theſe mountains in ſpite of ſnows and avalanches. Here the poor traveller, beaten by the tempeſts, finds repoſe and nouriſhment; nor do the Monks demand, even of the wealthy paſſenger, any recompence for the courteſies they beſtow. Every thing that their houſe affords is ſet before him with cheerfulneſs; and he uſually returns the hoſpitality, by leaving on his departure a piece of money under his plate, in order to provide for the relief of travellers, leſs fortunate than himſelf. But theſe pious fathers chiefly maintain this benevolent

nevolent eſtabliſhment, by begging once a year through Switzerland for its ſupport, and well would monaſtic orders have deſerved of mankind, and a ſtronger force than the French revolution would it have required to deſtroy them, had they conſecrated their lives and labors to works of ſimilar uſefulneſs, and thus become the benefactors inſtead of the burdens of ſociety.

The name of Gothard was given to this mountain, according to hiſtorians, before the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity, from the Deity worſhipped there, who was ſtiled, as the name imports, the God of the ſummit, or God over all: the canonization of the mountain did not take place till the twelfth century, when Pope Innocent the ſecond made the mountain a ſaint, and, with roman policy, chained the god of the vanquiſhed faith to the car of Chriſtian tri-

umphs. Lofty mountains are in ſcripture called the Mountains of God; and although worſhip in high places has been ſtigmatized as idolatry, yet ſurely, if the temple, which beſt delights the Supreme Being, be a temple not made with hands, that which next to the pure and innocent heart is moſt worthy of his ſublimity are the ſummits of thoſe everlaſting mountains, the faint but neareſt reſemblance on earth of his unchangeableneſs and eternity.

On the top of St. Gothard, one of the moſt elevated mountains of Europe, we had once imagined the view into Italy on one ſide, and over Switzerland on the other, would reward all our toil; but this platform, ſo raiſed above the level of the earth, is only a deep valley, when compared with the lateral mountains, and ſkirting-piles of rock that bound the view to this deſart, diverſified only by the habitation of the

Capuchins,

Capuchins, and the adjoining lakes. Had we even been able to reach any of thoſe rocky ſummits, which lie on either ſide, we ſhould have perceived only a chaos of rocks and mountains beneath, with clouds floating at their baſes, concealing the reſt from our view, and cliffs above covered with untrodden ſnows; for we were not yet in the region of Glaciers; the eternal ice impended far beyond; and we were told that the mineralogiſts, or thoſe who go in ſearch of cryſtal, which is found in conſiderable quantities in thoſe mountains, are the only perſons who expoſe themſelves to the danger of climbing theſe tremendous precipices. At a little diſtance from the Hoſpice, we paſſed three or four lakes, each about a quarter of a mile long, and of great depth. Theſe lakes are the ſources of the Reuſs and the Teſſino; one of thoſe rivers joins the Po, and flows into the Adriatic, the other makes one of the hundred ſtreams

that ſwell the Rhine in its progreſs to the German ocean.

In our rambles near the convent, we ſaw the remains of a mighty avalanche, which had ſo fallen as to form a magnificent bridge over the torrent of the Teſſino, the waters having hollowed it below in ſtruggling for a paſſage; but its ſurface had yet reſiſted all the attacks of the ſummer ſun beams, and ſeemed as if pleaſed with its new habitation, it had there fixed its abode for ever. We walked over this icy bridge to the other ſide of the torrent, and ſome of my fellow travellers amuſed themſelves with a diverſion not very common in the middle of July, that of throwing ſnow-balls at each other. The temperature of this mountain, the monk told us, was at times various, even in the ſame day; but more conſtant in general than in the region beneath. Sometimes the Italian zephyr came

over

over them with its genial influence, and conveyed a tranſient ſenſation of ſummer: ſometimes they enjoyed clear ſun-ſhine on the ſummit, when travellers arrived from below drenched in rain; but it appeared from the good man's narrative, that we muſt make a winter's ſojourn with him to form any adequate idea of the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm during ſix or ſeven months of the year.

We bade adieu to this courteous monk, promiſing ourſelves the ſatisfaction of ſpending a day with him on our return, and began to deſcend the mountain on the Italian ſide, which, though almoſt vertically ſteep, is rendered practicable by a well paved road, formed along the ſide of the mountain, and which, by its frequent returns, brings the traveller without much inconvenience to the baſe. Although the road was good, the declivity was too great

to admit of our truſting ourſelves on horſe-back, eſpecially as our horſes had not been accuſtomed to travel through ſuch mountainous countries. As we loitered down the ſteep, the mules we had left behind at the convent overtook us, and we admired the firmneſs with which they trod under their heavy burdens. Mean while a numerous caravan coming from Italy had begun to aſcend the ſame precipice; and nothing could be more pictureſque than the waving picture they preſented, as they moved along the winding path.

I felt ſome apprehenſion, that the meeting of ſuch a number of mules, with their ſides diſtended by paniers or wine-caſks, in ſo narrow a road, muſt be fatal at leaſt to one diviſion, which I expected to ſee tumbling down the precipice from the ſhock of the other; but theſe animals, as if conſcious of the danger, creep to the utmoſt verge of

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the road on either ſide, and paſs each other in long ſucceſſion without the ſlighteſt touch.

After deſcending a conſiderable way, we turned to look back on the precipices we had paſſed. High in air, at a remote diſtance, we beheld the Teſſino on the ſummit of the mountain, ruſhing as from the ſky over the perpendicular rock. The eye, after loſing it for a moment, again catches its daring torrent, rolling over a ſecond precipice, now interrupted in its fall by jutting fragments, now ſtruggling down a declivity of detached maſſes, broken into various channels. Awhile it vaniſhes behind the angles of the neighbouring mountains, then foreing its paſſage through a narrow confine of ſtupendous granite beneath, dilates and throws itſelf in one broad foaming ſheet over the humbler rocks. Again loſt, you ſee it no more, till it paſſes ſilently near the ſpot whence you gaze, in ſoft di-

vided ſtreams, that at length, uniting, roll down in a long ſucceſſion of regular caſcades, but little elevated one above the other.

The country around, though barren from its height, wears all the ſmile of vegetation; the mountains are lofty and romantic, but leſs terrific as we deſcend; and ſo little dangerous are the precipices, that while we were winding along the road, ſome of our company amuſed themſelves by climbing upon the ſummits that ſkirted it, and joined us at a bridge with various ſpecimens of beautiful ſtones which they had picked up in their rambles. Theſe mountains are rich mines for mineralogiſts. We had long phyſical diſquiſitions about quartz, mica, and ſchorl, which not being perfectly intelligible to me, I continued to gaze, with untired delight, on the ſcene around me, while theſe naturaliſts marched off to examine whether

whether an adjoining mountain had moſt ſtrata of white felt-ſpar or green granite. Without much knowledge, however, in the ſcience of ſtones and rocks, the traveller cannot but obſerve with admiration the diverſities of theſe inanimate objects as he paſſes along the road, which, in ſome places, is ſtrewed with theſe variegated minerals, and becomes reſplendent from the ſhivers of ſparkling rock that are waſhed down by the ſtreams from the ſummit of the mountain.

Half way between the convent and the firſt Italian village, is a bridge over the Teſſino, which is ſwelled by a torrent that joins it from a neighbouring precipice, when the river, which for ſome time paſt had flowed tranquilly along, as if ſuddenly impelled by its new companion, re-aſſumes its character of wildneſs, and ruſhes in diſ-

order

order over the rocks. Here vegetation again ſtruggles into life; the under ſhrubs lift up their meek heads, the tufted roſe of the Alps and the mountain-myrtle waſte their ſweetneſs on the deſart ſcene, and dwarf larch-trees gracefully ſkirt the path. The rapid deſcent to the baſe of the mountain is highly pictureſque, the verdant valley beneath, in which Airolo is placed, ſuddenly opened to us ſtrewn with villages, and, when compared with the ſolitudes we had left, preſented a large and beautiful proſpect of human exiſtence; while the gloomy grandeur of the foreſts of dark pines on one ſide, and the view acroſs the valley of leſſer mountains, whoſe laſt ſnows were diſſolving in the ſummer ray on the other, form altogether a ſcene where ſublimity and grace blend in ſolemn harmony.

We entered into the Levantine valley at

Airolo, which is a conſiderable village, or rather a ſmall town at the foot of St. Gothard, handſomely built of ſtone, and the chief entrepot or warehouſe for all goods that paſs between this part of Switzerland and Italy.

The adventurous ſpirit of commerce, fearleſs of the hanging precipice, the falling avalanche, and the yawning gulph, firſt traced the daring path acroſs this mountain, the higheſt, after Mont Blanc, in Europe, and has thus connected, by the ſoft ties of civilization, two countries, between which nature ſeemed to have placed an inſurmountable barrier. A ſmart girl, the daughter of the innkeeper at Airolo, ſpoke of herſelf as one of the mountain ſavages, with an air ſo gracefully coquettiſh, and in ſuch pure Italian, as convinced us that ſhe would have been much mortified had we affected to credit her aſſertion. She reminded

minded me of an expreſſion I had read in one of Rouſſeau's unpubliſhed letters to the former Marchioneſs de C——, "that he had quitted Paris to go and civilize himſelf in the woods."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Valley of Levantine.—Torrents of the Teſſino.—Harveſt-home.

AFTER leaving Airolo, we journeyed for ſome hours on a fine level road, which, from our late perpendicular travelling, we found a very agreeable relief. The Teſſino partakes alſo of the gentleneſs of the plain, and being joined on its entrance into the valley by the torrents that flow from the Glaciers on the eaſtern ſide, which ſeparate this country from the Haut Vallais, rolls along an ample river, and is ſtill fed in its progreſs by tributary ſtreams from the lofty mountains that divide the Levantine from the Griſons on one ſide, and the valleys of Locarno and Maggia on the other. The ruſhing of waters on our right as we paſſed along,

along, led us to penetrate through a little grove of alder-trees to the river, where we beheld one of these torrents paying its homage to the Teſſino in a manner ſingularly graceful. Swelled by the heat on the upper mountains beyond its uſual volume, it rolled impetuouſly down its narrow channel, and diſdaining its accuſtomed barrier of a rock, by which divided into two ſtreams it flowed on each ſide into the river; now ruſhing with a fuller tide of waters, it bounded over the obſtacle which it could not diſplace, and mingled itſelf with the Teſſino at an ample diſtance, after deſcribing a lofty and beautifully feathered arch. The upper part of this valley is chiefly devoted to paſturage, but we found the peaſants in ſome places drying their corn, which operation is performed by ſuſpending the ſheafs on long poles arranged horizontally above each other, and tyed to others that are ſtuck in the ground. There

was

was a lightneſs and grace in the ruſtic movements of theſe ſubject Italians, which their maſters on the other ſide of St. Gothard had not yet acquired. At the diſtance of every quarter of a mile in the nooks of mountains, and on the edge of precipices, the white ſpire lifts its ſtately head, and gives you, amidſt ſcenes of ſavage wildneſs, a glimpſe of civilization. Secluded amidſt thoſe alpine heights from the reſt of mankind, religion ſeems to be the ſole intellectual pleaſure of the inhabitants of theſe deſarts, and the ſlow ſounds of the frequent bell that, amidſt the clefts of the rocks, knolls to church, is heard with a ſoothing ſenſation by the muſing traveller, flinging its ſoft vibrations on the mountain echoes.

The cloſing evening brought us to the houſe where a toll is received for paſſage, and which we found alſo a very pleaſant and comfortable inn.

Having

Having accompanied the Teſſino ſince our departure from Airolo, flowing ſometimes on our right, and ſometimes on our left, with a gentle and ſteady courſe; we ſuppoſed that the youthful ſpirit with which it had bounded over its native regions being now ſobered, it would continue to purſue, with an even current, "the noiſeleſs tenor of its way." The loud roar of many waters, as we alighted from our horſes at Dazio, led us to catch the laſt lingering ſhades of twilight, and follow thoſe powerful ſounds. Having advanced a few paces, we perceived that the ſpacious valley through which we had travelled, was abruptly cloſed by ſtupendous perpendicular rocks, that left no other opening than a narrow channel with a ſpace gained from it by human induſtry to form a road between its maſſy walls and the torrent. The waters which had begun to ſtruggle for paſſage above a bridge which is thrown acroſs the ſtream,

were now tortured into a thouſand forms. Here a maſs of rock of enormous ſize in the midſt of the channel raiſed the river at once from its bed, pouring it impetuouſly into a deep baſon with tremendous roar; there a rifted cleft, the only outlet to the waters, increaſed their fury, and daſhing againſt the rocks with redoubled force, broke the torrent into different currents, and filled the atmoſphere with particles of its foam. The enormous maſſes of rock ſometimes lifted erect their bold and ſavage ſhapes, and ſometimes, where they had been hollowed out to form the road, towered at an immenſe height over the path and the torrent with ſuch threatening aſpect, that I could not paſs beneath without feeling an involuntary ſhudder, which was heightened by the approaching darkneſs. Below the frowning brow of the rocks, hanging groves of pine and fir bend majeſtically from the cliffs, while the graceful larch-tree decorates the

banks, and the weeping birch bends far over the ſtream and mingles its long branches with the agitated waters. The rapidity of the deſcent is communicated to the river, and a ſucceſſion of ſweeping caſcades, that ruſh in every imaginary form down a channel, worn at a fearful depth below the level of the road, leads to a bridge which ſeemed hung in air over the gulph, but of which we could only catch an imperfect glimpſe, ſince the laſt ſhades of evening had now fallen on the ſcene, and we trod back our ſteps up the winding brink of the torrent, not without the deepeſt impreſſions of awe ſoftened by admiration.

On our return we found Dazio the reſidence of mirth and gaiety. It was the harveſt-home of the maſter of the inn, and, as we paſſed to our apartments, a chorus met our ear that ſeemed to burſt from ſome throats more tuneful than thoſe of peaſants.

With

With the licence allowed to travellers, we joined the feſtive throng, and were not a little amuſed with the manner in which this harmonious circle was compoſed. The chief of the band, and moſt illuſtrious of the gueſts, were half a dozen merry Italian prieſts, who, it was evident, from their rubicund faces and ſparkling looks, had been conſulting other poets than thoſe whoſe hymns were to be found in their breviaries or maſs-books. Great allowances muſt be made for national cuſtoms, but the appearance of ſo many holy men thrilling out amorous love-ſongs, and chanting bacchanalian glees, although with voices harmoniouſly tuned, and conſiderable force of execution, did not a little ſurpriſe us, who were accuſtomed to the gravity and reſerve of the clerical character in other countries. We were, however, led to ſuppoſe that theſe prieſts had not overſtepped the bounds here allowed to their profeſſion, from the

delighted and reſpectful attention with which the ruſtics around liſtened to their melody; nor is it probable they would have indulged themſelves in this gay demeanor, at the riſk of exciting a ſentiment of irreverence towards their perſons.

In the morning we went to take another view of this region of nature's marvels; day-light had diminiſhed ſomething of its terror, and we ſurveyed its ſavage graces with renewed aſtoniſhment and rapture; the rocky fragments now glittered in the ſun, and the deep blue Italian ſky ſpread its lovely canopy over this ſcene of laviſh beauty. After paſſing the aërial bridge, of which we had caught a diſtant glimpſe the preceding evening, we journeyed down a ſteep but well-conſtructed road on the edge of the Teſſino, which rolled along its narrow bed, if not with all the daring boldneſs of its mountain courſe, at leaſt with

 ſufficient

ſufficient turbulence to ſeize the delighted attention, while the unwearied eye alternately wandered from the rapid waters to the picturesque drapery of their banks.

As we proceeded, the valley extended itſelf in breadth, and admitted of various kinds of cultivation; amongſt which we remarked that of the purple vines, beneath whoſe broad leaves and pendant cluſters, dropping from feſtoons arched over our heads as we paſſed along the road, we found relief from the parching heat of the mid-day ſun, while we looked up to the ſnowy mountains which bounded this ſcene of ſummer, with a feeling of ſomething like regret that we were out of the reach of their frigid influence.

CHAP. XIV.

Government of the Levantine Valley.

THE Levantine Valley contains ſeveral well-built villages, and the number of inhabitants, who are all Italians, is computed at about twelve thouſand. They have in general a look of intelligence, and ſomething of mountain-independence in their manner; but are under complete ſubjection to the democracy of the Canton of Uri. The valley is divided into eight vicinanze or diſtricts, about a league each in extent. The village of Faido, which is ſituated in the midſt of the Valley, is the reſidence of the bailiff or governor, who is elected to this office by the Canton of Uri, or who, rather agreeably to the eſtabliſhed mode of election in theſe democracies, purchaſes the place of his fellow citizens, who know too well the value

value of money not to make a good bargain of their rights. Once in four years the inhabitants of this Valley behold the cortege of their new ſovereign deſcending from St. Gothard, perhaps with ſomewhat of the ſame ſenſations as the defenceleſs timid bird views the downward flight of the pouncing hawk, darting on his prey.

Theſe ruſtic monarchs of Uri, in coming to govern a people, of whoſe language, manners and cuſtoms they are ignorant, do not appear to be animated by the ambition, which led Cæſar to wiſh rather to be the firſt man in a village than the ſecond at Rome. They have more ſolid views than thoſe of power; that of repleniſhing their treaſury, exhauſted in rewards to their brother ſovereigns for their free ſuffrages; and no ſooner are they inſtalled at *Barataria*, than fines, exactions, and rapacities of every kind follow in their train, and every reſiſt-

ance to lawful authority meets with condign punishment: as the history of each of these subject vallies can tell, the hearts of whose inhabitants have sometimes swelled beyond endurance at the extortion of their harpy governors.

The people of the Valley revolted against their sovereign of Uri in the beginning of this century, and obtained certain privileges, which their descendants, by another revolt, thirty or forty years since, have imprudently forfeited. Stung into disobedience by some act of proconsular tyranny, they took up arms against their sovereign, and put themselves into a most open and daring insurrection. The Canton of Schweitz had, on a former occasion, undertaken to reduce the insurgents, and had succeeded; but the present rebellion bore symptoms so alarming, that the whole of the Cantons armed to bring the Valley to obedience. Agreeably

to

to the maxims of moſt governments, that the governors are always in the right, and the governed in the wrong, no Canton can interfere in any diſputes between the ſovereign and the ſubjects, unleſs to puniſh the preſumption of the latter.

The whole Helvetic body felt the cauſe of the ſovereign of Uri to be their own, and with heart and hand, with an alacrity worthy of the cauſe, coaleſced together to put a deciſive ſtop to ſuch heretical and dangerous pretenſions. Had the rebels only had to contend with their maſters of Uri, it is poſſible they might have ſhaken their authority; but when the inſurgents beheld the cohorts of every regular government in Switzerland pouring down from the mountains in warlike array; heard the loud blaſt of their trumpets, repeated by a thouſand echoes amidſt their cliffs and rocks; ſaw terror in the van, and annihilation in the rear;

they

they very prudently gave up a conteſt, which muſt have ended in their utter deſtruction.

The grievances of the inſurgents were redreſſed in the mode that might rationally be expected: their form of government, and all their laws were aboliſhed, and they were deprived of every privilege, municipal, civil, and judicial: the uſe of arms, to which every Swiſs is accuſtomed, however low his rank in the ſcale of ſociety, was ſtrictly forbidden, and this ſage precaution has perpetuated their dominion, by deſtroying, not only the means, but the knowledge of reſiſtance, ſince he who never handles arms muſt remain ignorant of the exerciſe.

Thus the former ſubjects of the Levantine Valley became the unreſiſting ſlaves of their citizen-ſovereigns, and the bailiff of Uri is now their ſole adminiſtrator, law-

giver,

giver, and judge. No one indeed can diſpute the right of this Canton, and its allies, to reduce theſe rebels to obedience, ſince the charter of their ſervitude is clearly eſtabliſhed by every document of hiſtory. In ancient times they were probably, like other mountaineers, wild, and free: but in the twelfth century the country belonged to biſhops, then to the chapter of Milan; and in the fourteenth century Charles the Fourth mortgaged his imperial prefecture for a trfling ſum to Conrad or John Moos; the ſame perſonage, who had before monopolized the prefecture of Urſeren. The canons of Milan, to rid themſelves of the fatigues of government, gave up their eccleſiaſtical titles to their duke; by whom they were tranſmitted in the middle of the fifteenth century, on what conditions we know not, to the Canton of Uri, who have ever ſince prudently kept poſſeſſion. It therefore clearly appears, that whether governed

verned by biſhops, emperors, chapters, canons, John Moos, dukes or democrats, the inhabitants of the Levantine have always, ſince the twelfth century, been either ſubjects or ſerfs.

While the Canton of Uri takes care of the civil concerns of the inhabitants of this Valley, the archbiſhop of Milan adminiſters to their ſpiritual neceſſities: being judge in all eccleſiaſtical diſputes, with the privilege of placing his vicar general as rector in the ſeminary at Faido. Now, as the Archbiſhop of Milan, under every political change, preſerves the ſanctity of his character, he muſt no doubt continue archbiſhop, whether it be as Pontiff under the Emperor of Germany, or as ſimple citizen of the Ciſalpine Republic. Whatever degree of fraternity, therefore, may in future exiſt between this Republic, and that of Uri, it is to be preſumed, that no ſlight care will be taken by the

the latter to prevent the admiſſion of thoſe principles, which have found their way into Lombardy, ſince if ever theſe principles ſhould overleap their preſent geographical boundary, and become points of conſcience with the ſubjects of the Valley, the Canton of Uri will perhaps in vain apply to this republican archbiſhop to anathematize their diſobedience.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Government of the Canton of Uri.—Origin of Swiſs Freedom.

HAVING traced this ſhort ſketch of the manner in which the democratic Cantons of Switzerland govern their ſubjects, it will perhaps be proper to relate, in a few words, the manner in which they govern themſelves.

The government of the Cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, is ſaid to be democratic. Theſe ſtates were once, like other parts of Switzerland, dependent on the empire, and whether they were deemed from their ſituation not worth the labour of conqueſt, or were comprehended in that policy which engaged the princes of the

empire

empire to grant ſpecial immunities to various cities and diſtricts, the inhabitants of theſe wild countries enjoyed the privilege of chuſing their own magiſtrates, and being governed by their own laws. This liberty, however, was ſometimes reſtrained by the preſence of an emperor's bailiff, who reſided amongſt them as ſupreme judge in criminal caſes, and poſſeſſed other imperial prerogatives. From ſome neglect of thoſe governors, it happened that the Cantons were often left to their own adminiſtration, and in one of theſe intervals we find, from hiſtory, they united together in the beginning of the twelfth century, in defence of their rights, againſt the unjuſt attacks of the monks of the famous Abbey of Einſidlen. In vain did civil power come in aid of eccleſiaſtical thunders. Neither the ban of the empire, nor the excommunication of the church, could ſhake, even in thoſe ages of darkneſs and ſervitude, the intrepid minds

of

of theſe mountaineers; and their reſiſtance to the monks, the emperor, and the church, was, after a ſtruggle of thirty or forty years, crowned with ſucceſs. Their leagues, offenſive or defenſive, with each other, could not, however, preſerve their independence. In ſpite of their petitions and remonſtrances, Rodolphe, Count of Hapſbourg, was ſent in the beginning of the thirteenth century, by the Emperor, Otho the Fourth, as imperial prefect; and it appears, from the good underſtanding between theſe Cantons, and the ſucceſſor of the Emperor, Frederick the Second, that their chains were not worn with an ill grace, nor was their aſſiſtance to him in his Italian wars leſs chearfully given from his being then under the ſentence of papal excommunication.

The death of this emperor, in the middle of the thirteenth century, having thrown the empire into long confuſion, the inhabi-

tants of theſe Cantons, inſtead of taking advantage of the troubles, and regaining their late ſhort-lived independence, choſe for their captain-general, defender, or governor, another Rodolphe, Count of Hapſbourg. It appears, however, that the Count performed eſſential ſervices to theſe Cantons, and when he was named to the purple, confirmed or beſtowed on them various privileges; but during the reign of his ambitious ſon they obtained their independence. Albert had ſucceeded in bringing ſeveral adjoining Cantons under his dominion; the town of Zurich alone reſiſted his ſolicitations and menaces, and was defended, in 1299, with valour and effect by the Abbeſs, who was governeſs of the town, and who diſdained to ſubmit to the Houſe of Auſtria. Various were the expedients made uſe of by the new Emperor to engage the inhabitants of the three Cantons to ſurrender their privileges, and purchaſe their tran-

quillity by obedience; and many were the outrages to which they had ſubmitted from proconſular tyrants under the name of bailiffs, who were ſent amongſt them with as little ceremony, and with equal right, as their own officers of the ſame deſcription are now deputed to regulate the concerns of their Levantine ſubjects. At length the three heroes, Slauffach, Furſt, and Arnold, formed their renowned conſpiracy againſt the tyrant, and on the firſt day of the year 1307, liberated their country, by ſeizing and ſending out of their territory all their imperial governors. Their liberty was not obtained without a ſtruggle; the battle of Morgarten, in which the Auſtrians were routed by an inconſiderable number of Swiſs, brought on the confederation at Brunnen, and laid the foundation for the adheſion of the other Cantons, which ſucceſſively joined the alliance, and the ſpirit of freedom proved a more powerful barrier againſt

againſt the Houſe of Auſtria, than even their rocks or their mountains.

Each Canton, on the acquiſition of its independence, choſe its own form of government, and the three Cantons who firſt freed themſelves from the yoke, made choice of that in which the ſupreme power reſides eſſentially in the people. Each individual who has attained the age of fourteen years, forms a member of the ſovereignty, who meet every year on the firſt of May in a general council of the nation, in order to form laws and elect magiſtrates. The executive power is entruſted to a regency, who, under this annual ſalutary inſpection, are no doubt careful to adminiſter their government in ſuch a manner, as to meet their repreſentatives the enſuing year without the dread of cenſure.

The inhabitants of this Canton are eſteemed, by early hiſtorians, for the po-

liteneſs and ſincerity of their manners towards ſtrangers; but the accounts given by later writers are very contradictory to this obſervation. Madame de Sillery, who, after her baniſhment from France, reſided ſome months in one of theſe democratic Cantons, aſſerts, that there is no other country in the world where ſtrangers are ſo ill-treated. It is probable, however, that travellers in general would meet with more kindneſs than fell to the lot of Madame Sillery, who had acted too diſtinguiſhed a part in the French Revolution to have any claims to a cordial reception in theſe Cantons. We were ourſelves warned to conceal carefully on our journey that we had any relation with France.

The truth is, that the inhabitants of the democratic Cantons of Switzerland are under the dominion of a power far more abſolute than that exerciſed by the privileged

claſſes

claſſes of the great Cantons. This power is ſuperſtition, and with the aid of this mighty engine, which molds the paſſions at will, the prieſts have atchieved ſtill more than the ariſtocracy, and have repreſented the French as apoſtates, that war not merely with earth, but with heaven. No other part of Switzerland is ſo unenlightened, and conſequently ſo hoſtile to the ſpirit of true liberty, as theſe little Cantons, where democracy and deſpotiſm march under the ſame banners; for although the government is democratic, the number of thoſe who have a right to a ſeat in the general aſſembly is inconſiderable, compared with the numbers that are excluded.

It is computed by a late writer, that the population of the three Cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, with the democracies of Zug and Glaris, amount to no more than eighty-three thouſand ſouls, and

furniſh only twenty thouſand active citizens; while the countries over which they hold ſole or divided authority, contain a population of three hundred and thirty-ſeven thouſand. The government, therefore, though democratic with reſpect to thoſe individuals who make a part of the ſovereignty, is to the unprivileged inhabitants of the Cantons, and to its ſubjects in the bailiwicks, a confirmed hereditary ariſtocracy; and while in other countries the different claſſes of ſociety are ſeparated from each other by different habitudes, which makes the evil of ſubordination leſs felt here, where the reigning and the ſubject claſs are the equal companions of each others childhood, the latter muſt perceive with peculiar bitterneſs, as they approach to manhood, that they are deſtined to no ſhare of the boaſted liberty of their country; but that if born on the northern ſide of the mountain of St. Gothard, they are ſub-

jects, and if on the ſouthern they are ſlaves.

Avarice, as well as ſuperſtition, has contributed to render the people of the little Cantons hoſtile to the French Revolution, an event which has interrupted the interchange of thoſe friendly courteſies which, before that period, paſſed between France and thoſe Cantons. We cannot be much ſurpriſed that the ariſtocratical Cantons of Switzerland felt little ſympathy in the eſtabliſhment of French equality; but we might perhaps have expected more congenial ſentiments in governments, the exiſtence of which conveys a tacit approbation at leaſt of the ſovereignty of the people, till we are informed that France, while a monarchy, paid a tribute to theſe ſovereigns, which the great Cantons had indignantly rejected. Each male child of the three demoeratic Cantons received from the day of its birth

ſix livres annually, and the magiſtrates were paid in proportion. The exchange was fair, money for friendſhip. The French republicans have broken the treaty, no more money is paid, and no more friendſhip is returned; and theſe democrats are as much incenſed at this violation of the compact, as if their own ſubjects had broken their allegiance.

It requires no great penetration to diſcover that the abuſes which exiſt in theſe Swiſs governments will be corrected, not ſo much perhaps from the ſtruggles of the oppreſſed, as from the conviction in thoſe who govern, how much it behoves their intereſt to looſen the reins of arbitrary power. The hiſtory of every country is full of examples how fatal to tyranny is the burſt of the heart that ſwells againſt oppreſſion. But without recurring to claſſic ſtory, the Swiſs have only to conſult their own annals, when

by

by the valorous feats of their immortal anceſtors,

" Forth from his eyric rouzed in dread
" The ravening eagle northward fled;"

COLLINS.

and they will probably reflect that the age of heroiſm is not paſt with that of chivalry; but that thoſe who march in the ſteps of an Albert, may find in their path a Verner de Stauffaken, or a William Tell.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Giornico.— Bellinezone.— Mount Cenave.— Lugano.— Lake of Lugano.

AFTER leaving the town of Faido, we continued our route along the valley, ever preſenting ſome ſcene of wild, ſolemn, majeſtic beauty, over which the eye wandered with unwearied delight; of which the picture is indelibly graven on the imagination, and which memory recals with ſoothing rapture; but when the pen would trace thoſe images which glow upon the heart, it is found unfaithful to the purpoſe! How impoſſible to convey an adequate idea of thoſe varied, thoſe coloſſal regions, compared to which all other ſcenery is tame and diminutive, all other objects are "flat, ſtale, and unprofitable."

The

The beautiful little town of Giornico, which we paſſed, is famous for a victory gained by the Swiſs, the latter end of the fifteenth century, over one of the Sforzas, duke of Milan, who, diſcontented with the ceſſion made of this valley by his anceſtors, came to reconquer the territory. Some of the artillery taken in this engagement are here preſerved as trophies. When we came to Pollezio, we were once more on even ground. This is the laſt diſtrict of the valley, and compared with the upper part, is of conſiderable breadth, bearing all the productions of flat countries. The Teſſino increaſed by numerous ſtreams, ſwelled by the torrent flowing from Monte Ucello, and no longer confined between beds of rocks that reſiſt its impetuoſity, frequently inundates the lower part of this valley, called Riviera, the Valley of the River, and which is marſhy, and unwholeſome.

Further

Further on, the waters of the Moeſa, ruſhing in a cataract from the mountains of the Griſons, pour themſelves into the Teſſino, which now rolls on with gentle courſe, a broad and ample river, till it forms the Lago Magiore. We croſſed the river of the Griſons, and entered on the territory of Bellinzone, and after paſſing through two or three pleaſant villages, hid amidſt the purple feſtoons, hanging from the trees ripe for the vintage, and which had a more picturesque appearance than the huge ſtatues of St. Chriſtopher, with which they were decorated by the piety of the inhabitants, we came within ſight of the town.

Bellinzone is ſituated near the foot of Mount Cenere, and is alſo bounded by that chain of ſoftened hills, which ranged in wild diſorder, ſeparate the lower valley of the Levantine from the Swiſs bailiwicks of Maggia and Locarno. Three caſtles, erect-

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ed on lofty heights, frown over the walls of the city, and are ſucceſſively the reſidence of the bailiffs of the three democratic Cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, to which Bellinzone and its dependencies are ſubject. We had now entirely quitted every thing that was Swiſs, except their dominion, and found a conſiderable change, not only in the manners, but in the phyſiognomy of the people. The women have here the fine expreſſion of the Madona countenance; ſomething of which had firſt ſtruck us at Lucerne; and in the men, we obſerved the robuſt form of the mountaineer ſoftened by a look of Italian civilization. We were alſo reminded of our approach to Italy, by a coarſe imitation of its taſte in the plaiſtered piazza, the gilt balcony, and the painted Corinthian pillars, with which the houſes were decorated. The principal church, a building of fine conſtruction, rich in ornaments, and a conſiderable

able number of religious edifices, give an air of dignity to the place. After repoſing ourſelves a ſhort time at Bellinzone, we haſtened to Lugano, being deſirous to ſee the ceremony of the inſtallation of the governor, which was to take place within a few days.

Our road to this town lay acroſs Mount Cenere, the laſt of that chain of mountains, formerly called the Rhetian Alps, which divide the Griſons from the Valtaline, and other parts of Italy. Having travelled about a league along the valley on the ſouth of Bellinzone, we began to climb the ſteep aſcent of Mount Cenere; and as we journeyed in the mid-day ſun, ſhould have been much incommoded by the heat, had not the luxuriant branches of the cheſnut, which grows to a prodigious ſize, and in the moſt laviſh profuſion on this mountain, ſpread a friendly ſhelter over our path.

The

The woods of Mount Cenere, we were told, were the haunts of robbers, who find a refuge from juſtice in their wild receſſes, and alſo from this mountain being a frontier, of which the legal juriſdiction is uncertain. Its ſouthern promontory ſtretching to the river, which joins the lakes of Lugano and Locarno, is ſo infeſted by ſerpents, that at this ſeaſon of the year, neither men or cattle could approach it without danger. Half way up this mountain foreſt, we were preſented with a noble view over the Lago Maggiore, the great lake, to Locarno, and ſaw in the back-ground the lofty mountains riſing to Glaciers, which ſeparate the Vallais from Italy. After a ride of three hours, having gained the ſummit, we began to deſcend into a lovely paſtoral country, which opened to our view on the oppoſite ſide. The Alps were here ſoftened into hills, which, when not covered with hanging woods, wore the appearance

of

of the moſt ſmiling cultivation, and diſplayed in beautiful ſucceſſion, thoſe varying groupes of pictureſque objects with which the landſcape painter delights to decorate his ſcene. Along this valley, called the Valley of Agano, runs a ſmall rivulet, bearing away the laſt ſnows from the Gamoghera, which lifts high in the diſtance its pyramidal head, and is the central point of the frontier mountains, ſtretching in various directions from the Valteline, the Griſons, and the Italian bailiwicks: its ſummit, we were told, commands a magnificent view, not only over thoſe mountainous regions, but which, piercing beyond them, extends as far as the city of Milan, the cathedral of which may be ſeen from that elevated point.

After a delicious ride through this romantic and peopled valley, we came in view of the lake and town of Lugano, where we

ſoon

ſoon arrived, and were informed, that the auguſt ceremony of the inſtallation of the governor was to take place on the following day. In the mean time we found, that the magnificent and ſovereign lords of the the Cantons, who viſit on theſe occaſions the chief ſeat of ultra-montaine juriſdiction, had taken poſſeſſion of all the great apartments of the principal inn, where we had alighted, and where they were deliberating in full aſſembly on various weighty matters of government, and unravelling knotty points of civil and contentions concern, to the determination of which the ordinary knowledge of the municipal authorities of their jurisdiction was conſidered as incompetent or unſatisfactory. As this was not a part of the ceremony which appeared the moſt intereſting, we hired a felucca in order to paſs the remainder of the afternoon on the lake, and view its enchanting ſcenery. The lake, which is extremely irregular,

forms on that part, where the town is ſituated, a fine bay, along which, to a conſiderable extent, elegant villas and airy pavillions are profuſely ſcattered, ſupported by light arcades, and long ſweeps of Corinthian pillars, combining all the graceful proportions of Grecian architecture, with the enchanting drapery of the landſcape. In the clumſy country-ſeats, belonging to no order whatever, on the other ſide of the Alps, we had ſeen art at war with nature, and deforming with the heavy manſion, and the ſtiff parterre, ſcenes, where every natural object bore the print of uncultivated beauty; and the only pictureſque edifices we had beheld excited a gloomy emotion: ſuch were the thick-walled Gothic caſtles, perched high on the tremendous cliffs, frowning with ſullen aſpect over the ſubject plain, and recalling the chearleſs images of feudal times. While the poliſhed ſtructures that decorate the lovely bay of

Lugano

Lugano preſent the fair images of Attic taſte, together with the idea of that country, for ever dear to the lovers of the elegant arts, where, after the long night of barbariſm, they once more revived to embelliſh with perennial flowers the path of life, and exalt our nature, while they bleſs our exiſtence.

Thoſe beautiful retreats, which adorn the bay, belong chiefly to wealthy and noble families of Milan *; many of whom, either preſerved their original inheritance, or purchaſed lands in this bailiwick: and by

* One of the manſions, in the neighbourhood of Lugano, is inhabited by Madame Beccaria, the daughter of the illuſtrious Beccaria, who inherits from her father an underſtanding of the firſt claſs, and unites with the graces of perſon, and the moſt charming ſimplicity of manners, that independence of ſoul, and love of rational liberty, which is the characteriſtic of ſuperior minds.

acquiring the right of citizenſhip in theſe privileged, though dependent diſtricts, found a refuge from the civil diſorders of their own country. Some of theſe ſummer manſions ſeem to impend over the lake, while others fall back gracefully behind luxuriant gardens, that deſcend in gentle ſlopes to the level of the waters. Thoſe cultivated ſpots, perfuming the air with the fragrant bloſſoms of orange and lemon trees, together with the view of the firſt chain of hills above Lugano, covered with the vine, the almond, the fig, and the olive, convey to the Engliſh traveller the agreeable idea of a richer climate, and a more favoured ſky. The frequent ſteeples lift their pointed heads amidſt foreſts and hanging woods of variegated trees, and far in the back-ground huge and lofty mountains riſing into Alps, part of which were capt with ſnows, ſeemed to frown with ſavage but impotent ſeve-

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rity on the glowing and fertile landſcape, that circled the limpid lake beneath.

On the left of Lugano, the lake runs a conſiderable length beyond the Swiſs territory into the dominions of the Emperor, and the Valteline, of which we beheld the villages ſkirting the waters below projecting rocks.

Having landed on the ſhore oppoſite Lugano, where the mountains riſe abrupt from the lake, ſhagged with rock and wood, we entered ſome of theſe oval retreats, which the inhabitants have formed under the ſhelter of excavated cliffs, for the preſervation of their wines from the ſummer heats: ſome of the owners of thoſe wines were on the ſpot, and cordially invited us to taſte their delicious flavor and coolneſs. The ſun ſetting over theſe hills, and burniſhing the lake with its long reflected

beams, warned us to return. We descended from the ridge of the mountain, where we had gone to view the flow of a playful torrent, and joined a musical fleet of Milanese ladies and gentlemen, who were sailing to Lugano to be present at the installation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Inſtallation of the Bailiff of Lugano.—Italian Odes.—Sail down the Lake.—Locarno.

THE following day was uſhered in by a concert of bells from every ſteeple in the town and neighbourhood. The ſtreets were crouded with well-dreſſed people of both ſexes, who had come from various parts of the country, and beyond the lake, to celebrate the gay feſtival. After breakfaſt the magnificent deputies of the laudable Helvetic Body marſhalled themſelves in order, and preceded by their heralds, ſtandard-bearers, trumpeters, and other attendants, marched in proceſſion up the hill to the great church of St. Lugano, where this ſolemn ceremony was to take place. There we found a numerous aſſemblage of

ladies and gentlemen dreſſed with elegance, ſome of whom had taken poſſeſſion of the pulpit, reading-deſk, and altar, and were liſtening with polite attention to the uncouth ſounds which iſſued from the aiſle below, and which muſt have ſeemed barbarous diſſonance to the delicacy of an Italian ear. Thoſe inharmonious accents proceeded from the lips of the Recorder of the bailiwick, or the clerk of the magnificent deputation, who was reading, in the Swiſs language, to the new ſovereign, the laws, cuſtoms, and regulations, by which he was to govern, during two years, the noble town and diſtrict of Lugano. For the benefit of thoſe who were to be governed, and that no poſſibility of colluſion might take place, the ſame engagement which the new governor had taken in German, he took afterwards in Italian. No ſooner had this double act been properly adminiſtered, and the people once more ſecure in the poſſeſſion

of

their governor, than the vaults of the church reſounded with the cries of *Viva! Viva!* long live our gracious bailiff, and the moſt illuſtrious deputies of the magnificent Cantons of Switzerland; to which affectionate exclamation, in the ſilver ſounds of Italian, German reſponſes were poured forth by the deputation, of long live the noble city and bailiwick of Lugano!

That the deputation, with cordial ſincerity, ſhould pray for long life and health to the noble town of Lugano, was perfectly natural; the motives to a reciprocal attachment, on the part of the bailiwick, are ſomewhat leſs evident.

In the beginning of the ſixteenth century, Maximilian Sforza, Duke of Milan, made a donation of the territory of Lugano to the Swiſs, for the aid they gave him in driving the French out of Italy, and which

was

was confirmed three years after by Francis the Firſt, when he made peace with the Cantons, whom he had defeated at the famous battle of Marignan. As the Swiſs received the gift unincumbered with any conditions, ſuch as privileges, rights, or immunities, in favour of the people, ſo they have religiouſly handed it down unchanged to their poſterity. The power of the bailiff is almoſt unlimited. He is the repreſentative and co-ſovereign with the Cantons, the fountain of all honor, power, and glory, ſole judge in all civil and criminal matters, but aſſiſted in his important functions by a ſyndical, a ſecretarial, a lieutenant bailiff, and other officers, ſo that no complaint ſhould exiſt among the people of a ſcarcity of perſons to govern them.

The municipal regulations, however, of the towns and villages in the bailiwicks, are entruſted to perſons choſen by the inhabitants,

bitants, but no laws are enacted that are not in perfect accord with the will of the ſovereign, and ſubmitted to his ſanction.

The ſtated revenue of theſe bailiwicks is unfortunately not very conſiderable, and the emoluments of the bailiffs chiefly ariſe from ſpeculations on the diſplay of the worſt paſſions of our nature, ſuch as fines in criminal caſes. Much cannot be ſaid of the paternal protection given to that ſtate, where the governors become rich in proportion as their ſubjects become wicked. Such ſort of financial ſpeculations, we were told, are too frequently to be found in the hiſtory of Swiſs proconſular adminiſtration; the latitude of power being almoſt unbounded, and the love of money being proverbially the ſin which moſt eaſily beſets thoſe ſovereigns, it is not ſurprizing that the merit of diſintereſtedneſs ſhould be uncommon.

" The

"The avidity of their governors," we are informed by one of their apologiſts, "when it paſſes its *juſt* bounds, has been very often repreſſed by the ſydictorial deputies, who are ſent to regulate the accounts." What are the *juſt* bounds of a Swiſs bailiff's avidity is not preciſely marked, but there is reaſon to believe that it is not puniſhed by theſe fraternal deputies with extreme ſeverity.

The ſame author laments that the inhabitants of theſe bailiwicks are much addicted to chicane, and that frequent law-ſuits diſturb the peace of families. This taſte for legal contention is the more ſingular, as the diſputants are deprived of one conſiderable pleaſure in the controverſy, which is, the knowledge of the language in which they contend, all civil cauſes being tried in German. The bailiffs, who in general are ignorant of the Italian, are always attended by

by interpreters; but who ſhall tranſlate, for the benefit of the Italian client, the wordy war of German attornies?

Whatever grounds of complaint from proconſular rapacity might have exiſted in former times, we were happy to hear, amidſt univerſal plaudits, of the return of the golden age under the adminiſtration of the moſt illuſtrious Signor Don Franceſco Saverio Zeltner, counſellor and captain of artillery of the moſt excellent city and republic of Soleure, who now terminates his moſt upright government of captain regent of Lugano. The adminiſtration of this renewed governor was celebrated in odes, ſonnets, and other poetical records, which were diſtributed in the church with great profuſion at the cloſe of the ceremonial. No Horace or Waller could ſtring the lyre with fonder raptures to the glories of Auguſtus or Cromwell, than that which burſt

from the poets of Lugano in praiſe of their immortal bailiff. The names of heroes who lived before Agamemnon have periſhed, we are told, in unknown night, becauſe unſung by the ſacred bard; but the name of Don Zeltner is proudly reſcued from ſuch vulgar oblivion. We ſhall paſs over the eulogium of the tribe of poets by profeſſion, to whom fiction is allowed as a matter of right, and ſhall only ſlightly mention the ſtrains of the "Signor Abate Don Amatore Solari, proregent, profeſſor extraordinary," and enjoying numerous other titles, who had put a new ſtring to his old diſcordant harp,

"Da nuovo plettro l'agitata corda,
"Tutte di Zeltner le virtù ricorda,

to record the train of Zeltner's virtues; we ſhall not conſider too deeply the ſorrows of the noble fiſcal Signor Don Pietro Fraſca, doctor

doctor of both laws, who demands of his mournful muſe, and not inelegantly—why, with diſhevelled hair, ſhe beats her ſnowy boſom, and who anſwers, by her ſighs, ſtriking on her lyre; " ſoſpiri all' etra— Ma aimé ch 'ei parte"—That Zeltner, the great hero, is about to depart. Nor ſhall we dwell long on the everlaſting ode of the thrice gallant Capuchin P. C. A. Griconi, who, while others are tuning the ſtring to the praiſes of the illuſtrious Zeltner, is warbling, with no leſs harmony, the peerleſs accompliſhments of the moſt lovely Signora Donna Orſola Zeltner, his wife: not forgetting, in the hurry of his pindarics, that the God of War had entruſted to the huſband

" A te fulmini et ſalangi
" Marte affida,"

his thunder and phalanxes; for which Signor Prelſoechi accounts in his Anacreontics,

tics, by aſſuring us, that Don Zeltner is not of mortal mold;

" Dal ciel coſtui diſcende
" No che mortal non é;"

but that he came to Lugano, " Dal Regno degli Dei," from the empyrium of the Gods.

Poor is even praiſe like this, when compared with the poetical tribute, which the virtues of Zeltner have wrung from the brain of the venerable college of reſpectable and worſhipful notaries of Lugano, the bankers, truſtees, and attornies of every individual in the ſtate; who overleaping the dull, preciſe, plodding forms of law " be it known to all men," and " by theſe preſents," ſtrike the ſoft chords of poetic eulogy, and in lays appropriate to their profeſſions, ſo far as their profeſſions can ſympathize with lays, pour forth a panegyric

on

on the rare diſintereſtedneſs and exalted worth of Capt. Zeltner.

" When Alexander," ſing theſe tuneful notaries, " when Alexander returned from the vanquiſhed Euphrates, loaded with gold to his native country, and followed by his armed hoſts, ſighs of ſorrow broke forth from the bottom of his heart; the bones of Achilles, which he contemplated on his way, awoke the ungrateful recollection of the Achean trumpet, and excited frequent burſts of envy in the ſoul of the mighty conqueror. Thou," that is, Don Zeltner, " loaded not with rapacious ſpoils, but bending under the weight of honor, alone haſt to fear no ſuch interruption to thy joy, ſince thou haſt already reached the goal to which no hero ever yet attained."

And leſt Soleure, in his return, ſhould be wanting in grateful plaudits to this moſt il-

luſtrious captain, theſe Heliconian attornies kindly communicate a ſpark of their celeſtial fire, and in bold perſonification introduce the city herſelf ſinging—"O, how art thou come back, invincible ſon, rich in honors, and adorned with *golden* glory! clemency and juſtice follow in thy train, and theſe are the proud trophies which attend thee on thy return. Never did the eaſtern ſhores witneſs ſo noble a triumph, or Athens, or Sparta, or any other city around, as I who hail this happy day, which gives me back the chief of immortal heroes. Thus," add theſe Bards of Lugano, "thus thy country ſings, unknowing, Illuſtrious Zeltner, what car of triumph to prepare, or what choice garlands of flowers to weave around thy brow."

SONETO

SONETO I.

I.

Quand Aleſſandro dal domato Eufrate
Al patrio ſuol carico d'or movea
In mezzo ai plauſi de le ſchiere armate,
Da bimo cor meſti ſoſpir traea:

II.

L'oſſa d'Achille nel cammin mirate
Deſtato avieno de la tromba Achea
L'ingrata rimembranza, onde più fiate
Di bell' invidia il fier Campione ardea.

III.

Tu non di ſpoglie ma d'onor ſol carco
Alcun non temi d'affrontar cimento,
Che d'ogni Eroe già ſuperaſti il vanto.

IV.

Quind, il Ceresio dolce empiendo incarco
D'eletti carmi un vivo monumento,
A tua virtude offre, e conſacra intanto.

SONETO II.

I.

Oh qual ritorni, invitto Figlio a' tuoi
Ricco d'onori, e d'aurea gloria adorno?
Siegue Clemenza, e Aſtrea il tuo ritorno,
E teco porti alti trofei a noi.

II.

Non tal vidder trionfo i Lidi Eoi
Ne Atene, o Sparta, o altra cittade intorno,
Come or ti veggo in ſi felice giorno;
Andar faſtoſa tra i piu degni Eroi.

III.

Coſi la patria dice: e non ſa come
Ne qual, Zeltner, illuſtre, a te prepari,
Cocchio a trionfi tuoi, ſerto alle chiome.

IV.

O d'almi Eroi citta feconda, e chiari,
Onora pur di sì gran Figlio il nome;
Figlio, che tanto illuſtra i Patri Lari!

What

What were the diſtinguiſhed acts of this ex-bailiff, which raiſed him in the ſongs of his enthuſiaſtic admirers above Alexander, or what was the triumph he had merited, ſuch as Athens or Sparta never witneſſed, we were unable to diſcover. Zeltner, we underſtood from ſome of his brother deputies, was a reſpectable captain of artillery at Soleure, who, perchance, had never heard of the bones of Achilles, or the Achean trumpet, the imitative blaſt of which was now to convey his own name to immortality.

Amidſt the croud of Zeltner's virtues, one, however, appeared prominent; the burden of the ſong, ſtript of its finery, was to celebrate his return from a rich bailiwick with a treaſury empty or moderately garniſhed; and as

"The Muſe forbids the virtuous man to die,"

it is to be ſincerely hoped that this remarkable inſtance of ſelf-denial will not only conſecrate his own name, but that future bailiffs will imitate this bright model, and immortalize their governments by affording ſuch examples of diſintereſtedneſs, as ſhall encourage the poetical ſpirit among theſe tuneful Italians, who, feeling with our immortal bard that

" One good deed dying tongueleſs
" Slaughters a thouſand waiting upon that,"

will in future build the loſty rhyme to every ſucceſſive bailiff, and be prodigal of praiſe, in proportion as their governors are ſparing of property.

Having yet ſeen little more than that part of the lake which forms the bay, on which the town is ſituated, and invited by the beautiful proſpect from the terrace of St. Lawrence, we left the noble company at

at Lugano, in the full glow of mutual compliment and congratulation, to ſpend the remainder of the day in ſailing along the ſhores. The lake about half way down divides into two branches, one of which leads to the village of Porto, and the other to the village called Capo di Lago, the Head of the Lake, to which we directed our courſe. It was the feaſt of St. Lawrence, and the whole country ſeemed animated on the occaſion. After viſiting ſome of the villages and churches in the neighbourhood, we returned to Capo di Lago, where a repaſt was prepared for us of fine trout, juſt fiſhed from the lake by our boatmen, who, gueſſing that we felt ſome admiration of grand ſcenery, had removed our table from the houſe, and ſpread it under the ſhade of a birch tree which hung over the edge of the waters. We had ſcarcely finiſhed our frugal meal, when diſtant choral ſounds, which came from the adjoining woods that ſkirted

the lake, ſtretch upon the ear, and we ſoon beheld a long line of prieſts deſcending in their ſumptuous robes, preceded by the banners of religion, and followed by a proceſſion of well-dreſſed villagers of every age and ſex, who were chanting reſponſes to the ſacred hymn.

The philoſophers are probably right, who declaim againſt the fatal interruptions to induſtry, from the frequent feſtivals in Catholic countries; yet we could not help perceiving, in the groupe before us, an air of ſatisfaction and happineſs, which is the great end of toil and labour. Perhaps we were led to lay our philoſophy aſide, and obſerve the homage paid to St. Lawrence, with particular complacency, from the gratification afforded us, by the pictureſque appearance of his votaries, winding down the mountain with tapers, banners, and crucifixes, ſinging the praiſes of their patron,

and

and furniſhing a ſpectacle far more ſtriking to the imagination, than the uſeful employments of the ſame claſs of people on the other ſide of the Alps, buſied in felling the noble pine, planting hemp-ſeed, or hoeing tobacco.

The ſetting ſun-beams had fallen upon the lake before we reimbarked, and were reflected in long columns of light upon its limpid waters, which were gently agitated by the ſoft evening breeze. We had ſailed in the morning down the right ſide of the lake, and now returned to Lugano in the oppoſite direction along banks, where the dark rock ſometimes roſe abrupt, and bare from the water; but the gay larch that had ſtruck root in its crevices, ſoftened as it floated in the air the gloom of its ſhaggy brow: and ſometimes the olive, and the fig-tree, though not objects of graceful form,

form, contraſted agreeably the wildneſs of the ſcene.

In paſſing before the church of a village, placed at ſome little diſtance on the ſlope riſing from the lake, and emboſomed among trees, between two ſteep mountains, we were again ſaluted with ſacred ſong. It was the Veſperal hymn, proceeding from female voices, flinging its ſweet full cadence upon the breeze, and dying along the waters.

Our boatmen ſlackened their oars, and catching the fond enthuſiaſm, ſung the chorus in tones far from inharmonious, and in which they were joined by paſſengers of their acquaintance, to whom, with ſome confidence in our good nature, they had given a place in our boat; while, at intervals, a ſmall company, who were ſeated on the edge of the water to enjoy the even-

ing freſhneſs, caught and prolonged the notes.

Twilight had ſpread all its doubtful ſhapes and mild gradations over the ſhadowy ſcene before we reached Lugano, where we found a numerous aſſemblage ſeated on the terrace, opening to the waters, or ſipping lemonade in the caſſinos: ſome were chanting ſongs, not in honor of St. Lawrence, but of their miſtreſſes, and others forming muſical or dancing parties in the adjoining pavilions; ſo that the magnificent high and mighty Lords, the Swiſs burgeſſes, their ſovereigns on the other ſide of the mountains, could not be more happy, with all their power and glory, than their Italian ſubjects of the charming regions around the lake of Lugano.

The town of Lugano is the ſeat of buſineſs as well as pleaſure, being from the navigation

vigation of the lake, the chief entrepot of the commerce carried on between the northern part of Italy, and the countries beyond the Alps. There is alſo a printing eſtabliſhment in this town, where the proprietor of a Gazette, called The Lugano Journal, has the boldneſs, under the rod of power, to record the political events of the times with truth and impartiality.

Having finiſhed our excurſions in the environs of this beautiful country, we returned in a more ſoutherly direction over Mount Cenere, towards the Lago Maggiore. The view from the ſummit of the mountain, over the extenſive lake, ſtretching to the Borromean Iſlands, and the fertile plains of Lombardy, is highly magnificent. Thoſe far-famed iſlands, we were obliged, from political conſiderations, to leave unviſited, not without a ſigh of regret on my part, that ſince Swiſs territory extended ſo far beyond

yond its natural boundary the Alps, it had not repelled the limit of the Emperor's dominions a little farther. At the village of Meggedino, lying at the foot of Mount Cenere, we took a boat, and in two hours were conveyed acroſs the lake to Locarno; which town is ſituated on its eaſtern ſide, and forms a pictureſque object beneath ſteep mountains.

This bailiwick, about fifteen miles in length and breadth, abounding in paſturage, wines, and fruits, was given like Lugano to the Swiſs Cantons by the Duke of Milan.

On our landing, finding the ſtreets a deſert, we ſtrayed through the town in ſearch of its inhabitants, whom we found aſſembled in and around a church, preparing themſelves for a ſolemn ſervice, which was to take place the following day. We rambled

bled through the town; parts of which are pleaſant, but it wears upon the whole a dull and monaſtic appearance. If one may judge from the number of churches, prieſts, and convents, compared with the number of houſes and inhabitants, there is no ſpot among theſe mountains, where a perſon may eſcape ſo entirely from the buſtle of this world, and find ſo many guides to conduct him to another. The inhabitants, we were told, had lately been increaſed by a claſs of unfortunate French, whoſe proſpects were then falling faſt into the ſhade. We ſaw a number of them ſauntering idly along the walks; and as all evils are relative, it was impoſſible to obſerve, without ſympathy, thoſe once gay and gallant nobles, wearing out life in the liſtleſs ſolitude of Locarno.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

A Storm on the Lake.—Return to Bellinzone.—Visit to a Convent.—Installation of the Bailiff of Bellinzone.

ONE of the inconveniences of travelling in mountainous countries, is the extreme capriciousness of the weather. Amidst those regions of storm, the unsheltered traveller feels the full blast as it comes fresh from the airy cavern; but no where is its violence so dangerous as on the lakes, which, enclosed between lofty mountains, receive the strong currents of the tempestuous winds in their struggle through the narrow spaces, and suddenly raise their troubled waters into foaming fury. The extreme heat of the weather had long presaged a thunder storm; but although we saw clouds at a remote distance gathering on the

the ſummits, we had little apprehenſion on embarking, that we ſhould feel their diſcharge before we reached the oppoſite ſhore.

Our boatmen, more experienced than ourſelves, had warned my companions, as I was afterwards informed, that the breeze was on its way, and offered to return the following morning; but among my fellow travellers were three Engliſhmen, and the newſpapers waited for them at Bellinzone. Storms, when weighed againſt newſpapers, were found light in the balance, and the veſſel was ordered to be got ready. We had nearly reached the middle of the lake, before the tempeſt, which we ſaw gathering thicker on the hills, began to agitate the waters. At firſt the lightning flaſhing in white fantaſtic ſtreaks, and the lofty thunder echoing along the mountains, were objects of pleaſing, though awful admiration; and we

were

were indulging ourſelves with the hope, that the ſtorm was paſſing away harmleſs, when a burſt of wind ſtruck on the lake, and threw the foaming waters into our bark. It was too late to return, ſince the wind ruſhing down the lake, which we were croſſing, would have rendered retreat as difficult as going forward.

The ſtorm increaſed every moment, and the boatmen attempted to make land at any point, but their efforts were ineffectual. Our progreſs was ſo ſlow in the ſtruggle with the waves, that we feared night would overtake us before we could reach the ſhore; and every perſon in the boat becoming ſenſible of the danger, ſeized the oar, and relieved each other by turns.

After much terror on my part, and much labor on that of my fellow travellers, perhaps mingled with a wiſh, that they had

left Europe to its fate till the next morning, we reached a diſtant part of the ſhore, where, ſheltered from the tempeſt, which continued with unabated fury, we coaſted it back, finding it impracticable to land, and arrived at Maggedino towards the cloſe of the evening. We were ſtill nine or ten miles diſtant from Bellinzone, and were haraſſed and fatigued; but an obſtacle preſented itſelf more inſurmountable than the Gazettes to our remaining in this village, which was the want of every kind of accommodation, either of food or lodging. We recollected alſo, that we were at the foot of Mount Cenere, the haunt of robbers and aſſaſſins; and there was nothing in the looks of thoſe we ſaw around us to inſpire confidence. While we were deliberating what courſe we ſhould purſue, undecided between the danger of remaining in this inſulated ſpot, and the inconveniences we ſhould ſuffer in braving the tempeſt, the ceaſing

of the rain decided us to go on to Bellinzone.

Unacquainted with the road, and afraid to aſk a guide of the ſurly hoſt, we had not proceeded far, when it became ſo dark, that we could perceive no object, but by the frequent flaſhes of lightning darting from the livid clouds, while ſometimes the menacing roar of torrents, ruſhing freſh from the hills acroſs our way, was unheard amidſt loud burſts of thunder. We were almoſt in a ſituation of as much danger as on the lake, ſince we knew, that before we reached Bellinzone, we had a conſiderable ſtream to croſs, and feared, that ſwelled by rains from the hills, it might have become impaſſable. In this perplexity, a friendly light appeared at a diſtance, which proceeded from the window of the Curé of an hamlet we were approaching. He invited us to enter, but we put his politeneſs to no

further teſt than requeſting his interpoſition with ſome of his pariſhioners for a guide, which he immediately went to a neighbouring hut to procure, and under his auſpices we reached, after midnight, Bellinzone and the journals.

Bellinzone, the joint property of the Cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, was originally, like the other Italian bailiwicks, part of the hereditary poſſeſſions of the Duke of Milan. In the beginning of the fifteenth century the Barons of Miſa, in the Griſons, who had won this territory from the Milaneſe, ſold it to the Cantons of Uri and Underwalden, together with the diſtricts of Bolleny and Riviera, for two thouſand four hundred florins. The Duke of Milan, deſirous of regaining this part of his hereditary dominions, offered to pay the Swiſs the money they had advanced, but feeling that they had made a good bargain

with the Barons of Saxe, they were not diſpoſed to treat upon the ſame terms with the Duke of Milan, who, after much fruitleſs negociation for the purchaſe, concluded the affair by ſeizing on this important key to his ſtates, which he took by ſurpriſe. All the Cantons, except Berne, armed to avenge the outrage of thus poſſeſſing himſelf of a town which had been bought and paid for; but after a fierce ſtruggle, the Swiſs were obliged to relinquiſh the conteſt, and left, in the piles of bones that adorn the chapel of St. Paul, near Bellinzone, the ſcene of one of their moſt celebrated battles, a monument, not only of their heroic valour, but perhaps alſo of their folly, in paſſing their mountains to mingle in the quarrels of other ſtates. After this ſevere leſſon, the Swiſs, convinced that no ſolid advantages could reſult from the conflict, however gloriouſly maintained, concluded a peace with the Duke of Milan in 1426, by which they

ſurrendered all their territory on the Italian ſide of the Alps; on condition of being allowed certain excluſive advantages in their commerce with the Milaneſe ſtates, and receiving ten times the ſum for which they had purchaſed Bellinzone. In the beginning of the ſixteenth century, during the frequent revolutions in Lombardy, the inhabitants revolted, and placed themſelves under the protection of the three Cantons; Sforza, Duke of Milan, and Francis the Firſt, gave up their reſpective claims, and the Swiſs have ever ſince retained poſſeſſion of this bailiwick.

Bellinzone is rich in fine churches dedicated to St. Peter, St. Stephen, St. Blaiſe, and St. Rock; here are alſo numerous convents of Auguſtines, Urſulines, and Recollects, which we viſited under the auſpices of a very intelligent and amiable emigrant prieſt. There was little to attract the notice

tice of travellers in theſe calm retreats of ignorance and devotion; though the good monk, who ſhewed us the treaſures of his convent, ſituated beyond the German gate of Bellinzone, intreated we would conſider, with attention, a picture hanging on the wall of a chapel, which he aſſured us was a piece of ſingular value, being a true copy of the Virgin, executed by one of the apoſtles, and which, having been loſt in Turkey, was found ſtuck in the walls of a church at Rome, without the aid of any viſible agent to tranſport it thither. He was proceeding with ſtedfaſt gravity, to give a large detail of the hiſtory for our edification, when he underſtood, by the bluſh which aroſe in the countenance of our more ſagacious prieſt, for the honor of his religion, degraded by ſuch fables, that the miracle was breathed into the ear of heretics.

We alſo viſited the convent, or rather ſe-

minary, called the Reſidence, where we were received with the moſt cordial politeneſs by the ſuperior, a man of erudition, with amiable manners, and a much more agreeable countenance and figure than was neceſſary for a monk. In this ſeminary there are profeſſors of the languages, of moral and natural philoſophy, and a library, which, conſidering the ſcarcity of literature in this country, was very reſpectable. Young perſons are boarded and educated for about twelve pounds a-year, and the children of the town and neighbourhood receive their education without any expence. This convent has been lately founded, for the building is ſcarcely finiſhed, with a part of the ſuperfluous wealth of the Abbey of Einſilden; and happy would it have been if monaſtic wealth and influence had always been employed to ſuch uſeful and beneficent purpoſes.

The ſuperior, who has the title of prevot, has written a manual of education for the democratic Cantons, of which he preſented us with a copy. Admiſſion to the interior of this convent is not allowed to females; and the exception in my favour was a privilege of no little diſtinction; ſome of the long galleries, at the end of which we paſſed, were, however, forbidden ground to a female foot, as I perceived, by the polite obſervation of the ſuperior, that his juriſdiction extended only to certain parts of the houſe, one of which was his own private apartment, where we found not only books in great profuſion, but hoſpitable refreſhments of every kind.

The adminiſtration of this province, like thoſe of Lugano and Locarno, is remitted every two years to a new bailiff. As this event was about to take place, we remained a few days longer, in order to obſerve whether the

Muſes

Muſes of Bellinzone twined laurels round their bailiff's brow with as laviſh profuſion as thoſe of Lugano. The morning of this diſtinguiſhed day was ſpent in marſhalling ſuch of the inhabitants and officers of ſtate as were to go out to meet the new bailiff, and conduct him in proceſſion to his new government. In the evening we beheld the auguſt train, glittering in long gold-laced cloaks, mounted on fiery courſers, and preceded by trumpets, winding along the valley. On their approach within ſight of the town, the cannon on the ramparts of the three caſtles fired alternately a long ſalute, the roar of which, re-echoing amidſt the mountains in a vaſt variety of ſucceſſive ſounds, was by far the moſt intereſting part of the ceremony.

The next morning, after the celebration of maſs, the new bailiff was inſtalled with nearly the ſame ſolemnity as at Lugano,

gano, with reſpect to form, but with leſs ſplendor as to the effect. Few appeared to feel any intereſt in the conſecration, except thoſe who were immediately concerned in the diſtribution of the power or the profits of this high dignity, the amount of which laſt, we underſtood, was inconſiderable, when the compliments were deducted that are paid by the new bailiff to his brother ſovereigns on his nomination. Singular anecdotes are related of the frank and undiſguiſed manner in which theſe matters are arranged at the place of election, and which diſplay the character of "that fierce democracy" in no very proud point of view.

The knowledge of thoſe hiſtories is not loſt on the people, and it is eaſy to perceive that they begin to regard their bailiffs rather as tax-gatherers, legaliſed to plunder them, than upright diſtributors of juſtice, the preſervers of their proſperity and peace.

Of

Of the virtues or excellencies of the new governor nothing had yet tranſpired, but we were left in no uncertainty reſpecting thoſe of the ex-bailiff, Don Franceſco Aloiſco Wirſch, of the illuſtrious Republic of Underwald, and firſt captain of the Swiſs regiment of Underwald in Spain, in whoſe praiſes we found the bards of Bellinzone even more ſublimely tuneful than the lyrics of Lugano. The poets laureat of Captain Zeltner had only raiſed him above Alexander, and made him merely equal to the gods, comparing the triumphs of Soleure to thoſe of Athens and Sparta, and thus bounding our imagination to the heroes of Greece and Macedonia; but Captain Wirſch's poet, raiſed into more than Virgilian rapture, with "a maſter's hand and prophet's fire," thus ſtrikes the immortal ſtring:

Exult, break forth in ſongs—O, Underwalden,

walden, for thy great ſon returns to his native ſhores—what an immortal ſplendor gracefully plays around him! alike only to himſelf, "none but himſelf can be his parallel."—The Holy Virgin deſcending from heaven, the object of our adoration and worſhip, takes him by the hand, and beſtows on him a profuſion of tender careſſes. O, Underwalden, after Wirſch, the object of our idolatry, ſend us another ſoul of celeſtial mold, for ſouls of celeſtial mold are the prolific produce of thy happy ſoil.

SONETO.

Eſulta eſulta; alla tua Patria ſponda
Fa ritorno Ondervald il tuo gran Figlio
Quanta luce immortal l' orna, e circondo!
Solo a ſe ſteſſo, e a null' altro il ſomiglio.

La Santa Diva, che dal Cielo nacque,
Cui s' ergano gli altari, e i templi anch' ella
Per mano il preſe, e lo baciò piu volte.

Deh

Deh Ondeſvald, dopo *Wirſch*, che tanto piacque
Un altra pur ne manda anima bella
Mille bell' alme hai nel tuo grembo accolte.

Such is the ſtyle of panegyric, with which theſe ſubtle Italians attempt to ſoften the native hardneſs of their German bailiffs, and ſeek to wheedle ſucceeding governors into courteous behaviour, by perſuading Mr. Zeltner, that he is equal to the gods, from whom he deſcended, and Mr. Wirſch, that he is like no one but himſelf, and the favorite of the Queen of Heaven. Had theſe ſonnets proceeded from the pen of ſome comic rhymeſter, who choſe to amuſe himſelf at the expence of bailiffs, we ſhould only ſmile at the pleaſantry; but when we behold the various corporations of theſe provinces, eccleſiaſtical and civil, gravely preſenting ſuch abject and impious flattery, we ſcarcely know whether our indignation is moſt excited by the meanneſs that degrades

grades itſelf to offer this vile adulation, or the miſerable vanity that ſtoops to receive it.

The conquered nations of Aſia, we are told by the hiſtorians, were the firſt inventors of this ſervile mode of paneygric, and the governors of thoſe provinces its firſt objects. The Roman proconſul, who departed a citizen from the free and equal ſeat of government, became at once a provincial divinity, with altars and ſacrifices. We bluſh to hear Cicero requeſting his brother Quintius to conſtruct a temple to his fame, or increaſe the number of his ſtatues. The ſubjects of Lugano ſooth their conquerors by cheaper arts, the labors of the ſong. The principle of Swiſs government in theſe bailiwicks, is, no doubt, contrary to every inſtitution of liberty; yet as in ſome religions the conduct of their profeſſors is often more humane than their creed, ſo in theſe governors,

governors, if we do not find the wiſdom and virtue of Cicero, or any other of his qualities, except his vanity, we are at leaſt happy in meeting with no imitators of Verres or Geiſler.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

History of an Emigrant Family.

OUR excurſions, in the neigbourhood of Bellinzone, had more than the charms of new and ſublime ſcenery to imprint them on my memory: a moral intereſt has impreſſed them on my heart. There accident led me to the dwelling of Madame C——; and I cannot reſiſt indulging myſelf by relating the incident, to which I owe the few ſhort, but well-remembered hours, which were gilded by the charm of her ſociety. I will not name the valley, where I found her, and by ſo doing expoſe her cottage to the profane gaze of curioſity: but without diſcovering her abode, I may ſafely deſcribe its ſituation; ſince in that romantic country, how many cottages are placed, like hers,

near the ſteep bank of a torrent ſtream, ſurrounded by luxuriant vegetation, veiled by feſtoons of vines, ſheltered above by the hanging woods of fir and pine, and bounded far beyond by the bare rock, and the ſhining Glacier.

In one of our rambles, at ſome diſtance from Bellinzone, we aſcended a mountain, the ſummit of which, we were told, commanded a proſpect that would repay us for the toil. The path, however, we found, not merely ſteep, but ſo rugged, that before we had aſcended half way, we were obliged to alight from our horſes, and the evening being too far advanced to admit of our reaching the ſummit, and returning on foot, we agreed to walk down the mountain, and take a ride along the valley. The gentlemen, who were with me, led their horſes, our guide had charge of mine, and I followed them down the narrow ſhadowy

path, ſometimes loitering behind to gaze upon the wild and romantic character of the ſcene around me; ſometimes pauſing to catch the ſhifting lights amidſt the rude foliage, till I loſt ſight of my fellow travellers, and ſoon after reached a ſpot where two paths met. I could not recollect by which we had mounted, and after ſome heſitation took the wrong path, haſtening my pace, though the deſcent was difficult, in hopes of rejoining my fellow-travellers. After deſcending a conſiderable time without meeting any human figure, or perceiving any human habitation, I reached at length the baſe of the mountain, where I found ſome ſcattered hamlets encircled with vineyards, and entered them in ſearch of a guide. But the cottagers were at their labours in the valley, and theſe little dwellings were deſerted of their inhabitants. The evening was now advancing, and Bellinzone was too diſtant to be reached on foot till

late in the night. Nor was the idea of a ſolitary walk in darkneſs agreeable, in a country often infeſted by banditti, who find a retreat amidſt the wild haunts of Mount Cenere.

About a league from Bellinzone, we had been ſhewn the ſpot where a traveller was murdered a week before our arrival; and we had ſeen a pictureſque promontory of the lovely Lake of Lugano, deformed by the hideous ſpectacle of two men hung in gibbets. The character of the lower order of people, amidſt thoſe mountains, had appeared to us ſomewhat ſavage; and although I ſhould have felt myſelf perfectly ſafe under the ſhelter of a Swiſs cottage, on the other ſide of the Alps, I had here no ſuch perſuaſion of ſecurity. After ſome deliberation, I determined to wait near the cottages for the return of the labourers; and if my fellow travellers, who were doubtleſs in

ſearch

ſearch of me, did not arrive before that time, to hire an horſe and guide to Bellinzone. I ſat down on the fragment of a rock, muſing on the ſingularity of my ſituation, when I heard the approach of footſteps, behind me, and turning my head, ſaw a lady and gentleman coming along a narrow path, which led to the ſpot where I was ſeated. I roſe immediately, and advanced towards them, related my adventure, and aſked their advice and aſſiſtance. The lady, taking my hand with a ſweet ſmile, and a look of benevolence, told me how fortunate ſhe conſidered herſelf in being able to render me any ſervice. After making known her name, which denoted high nobility, this emigrant lady, for ſuch ſhe was, intreated me to allow her to conduct me to her cottage, which was within a few paces of the ſpot where we ſtood; but perſuaded that my fellow travellers were in ſearch of me, I preferred remaining

within ſight of the road, and was anxious to loſe no time in taking meaſures for returning to Bellinzone.

It was agreed, that a peaſant of a neighbouring cottage, whom the lady told me ſhe could ſafely recommend, ſhould procure me an horſe, and convey me to Bellinzone; the gentleman regretting that illneſs put it out of his power to conduct me himſelf; the truth of which aſſertion his pale countenance and emaciated figure ſufficiently evinced. While we were arranging theſe matters, a little roſy-cheeked boy, of three years of age, who had been ſporting up and down the mountain-path, as lightly as the playful chamois, came ſpringing to his mama, and announced the approach of ſtrangers. A few minutes after my fellow travellers, who had re-aſcended the mountain a conſiderable way in ſearch of me, by a different path from that which I had taken,

taken, appeared: the horſes were waiting in a little nook, at no great diſtance, and I haſtily took leave of my new acquaintances, but not till the lady, who bade me farewell, with kind reluctance, had made me promiſe to return with my friends the next morning, to breakfaſt at her cottage.

During our ride home, and the whole of the evening, I could think and talk of nothing but the charming countenance of Madame de C——: I tried it by all the rules of Lavater, and was probably a better phyſiognomiſt than uſual, having ſo lately heard the ſubject deſcanted with a maſter's art; for it is certain, that on this occaſion, my judgment was unerring.

The next morning we ſet out to breakfaſt at the cottage: my ſpirits were exhilarated with the thoughts of viſiting my new acquaintance, and I enjoyed more than

uſually the beauties of the wild romantic valley, along which we rode, and which was gilded with gay ſunſhine. A torrent ſtream rolls noiſily over its ſtony bed in the midſt of this woody vale, which is rich with paſturage, and bounded on each ſide by lofty rocks and mountains, while that chain of Glaciers, from which the Rhine pours its ſource, lift their eternal ſnows in the diſtance, and cool the air in the valley.

Fragments of rock were ſtrewed on the edge of our path, and on one ſpot the veſtiges of an avalanche appeared in heaps of maſſy ſtones, mingled with the ruins of devaſtated cottages, and gave a ſavage wildneſs to the ſcene. Soon after croſſing a light arched bridge, over-grown with laviſh folds of ivy, we reached the mountain, at the foot of which was placed the vine-covered cottage of Madame C——: her ſweet little boy ſtood at the door, watching

for

for our arrival. He danced with delight, while we diſmounted; and the moment he could reach me, gracefully kiſſed my hand, which is one of the firſt things little French boys are taught to do, and then galloped away in ſearch of his mama.

The cottage, which was perfectly neat, contained a little plain furniture, two frames filled with ornamental work, a table heaped with drawings, and a ſmall ſhelf, on which a few books were ranged. Madame de C—— received us with animated pleaſure, and her huſband expreſſed as much ſatisfaction as the languor of ill health ſeemed to admit. Victoire, a ſmart brown girl, whom on a Swiſs mountain, or in any other remote region, where I had met her, I ſhould immediately have recognized by a gracefully familiar eaſe of manner, tempered with the moſt profound reſpect, for a Pariſian *fille de chambre*, prepared the breakfaſt

faſt with a light elaſtic ſtep, and a look of chearful alacrity.

Madame de C——'s converſation ſhed flowers over the repaſt; there was ſomething like enchantment in finding in a rude hamlet, at the foot of ſavage rocks, and untrodden Glaciers, the moſt poliſhed graces of intellectual culture; and united with a ſuperior underſtanding, with a taſte for all that is elegant in the arts, and an enthuſiaſm for all that is ſublime in nature, that cordial warmth of manner, that faſcinating frankneſs, when the ſoul ſeems to hang upon the lips, and the glowing expreſſion of its ſenſibility exerts an irreſiſtible influence over the hearts of others. Monſ. de C——, an amiable and accompliſhed man, appeared to be in a ſtate of dejection, which it coſt him an effort to conceal, but which his wife was evidently at pains to cheer. After breakfaſt, Madame C—— propoſed a walk amidſt

amidſt ſome of the wildeſt haunts of that romantic region, where ſhe told me ſhe ſeldom met any human creature, and therefore conſidered that portion of the valley as her own territory.

Before we ſet out, Victoire, who ſeemed not a little anxious to know "my opinion of things in general" at Paris, was ſo extremely voluble in her inquiries, that I found it impoſſible for my anſwers to keep any pace with her queſtions. Victoire's mind was fertile in ſuppoſitions, as well as inquiries; ſhe ſuppoſed the monſters had, by this time, ſown all the Tuilleries with potatoes, and dug up the houſes as well as the cellars for ſalt-petre, and made all the women wear red caps; as if it was not bad enough to be forced to ſtick on a cockade, or be dragged to priſon by thoſe horrid *ſans-culottes*, calling themſelves Brutus and Ariſtides. She ſuppoſed too they ſtill went

on

on with their ſaucy *tutoiment* and *citoyenne*, to the women—ſhe did not know why the brutes dared to call her *citoyenne*, ſhe, who had lived all her life at Verſailles, and waited only on court ladies.

Victoire proceeded in her obſervations till I interrupted her by remarking, that ſhe muſt no doubt find herſelf very happy at ſuch a ſafe diſtance from Paris, among thoſe fine mountains.—" Ah, Madame," interrupted Victoire, " happy among the ſavages here, who can't ſpeak one word of French!—Oh, what I would ſometimes give for a walk upon the Boulevards! I am ſo tired of rocks and ſnows!—if it was not for the pleaſure of ſerving my dear lady, I believe I ſhould go back and have my head cut off—for I'm too well known in Paris to eſcape—and yet, I muſt own the truth, I did all I could to make my lady come away; for certainly, when all the

the *haute nobleſſe* were gone, my lady, as I told her, was not made to ſtay behind—and, indeed," added Victoire, "I was aſhamed myſelf of being ſeen in Paris, for all the *femmes de chambres* of my acquaintance had emigrated an age before." Upon the whole I obſerved, from Victoire's converſation, that her wrath and indignation againſt the Jacobins was almoſt entirely confined to their *groſſiéreté*; as for their cruelty, that ſeemed to come within the pale of her forgiveneſs; but to put innocent people to death, and be *mal-honnête, en outre*, ſhe conſidered as quite unpardonable.

After a delightful ramble amidſt the picturesque ſcenes of that wild country, Madame C—— and myſelf ſeated ourſelves on a ſpot of turf, and left the reſt of the company to extend their walk. Here, laying aſide the tone of general converſation, Madame

de

de C—— related to me the particulars of her ſituation, which ſhe probably ſaw I was anxious to know, more from a ſentiment of ſympathy, than a principle of curioſity. Nor ſhould it be thought ſingular that ſhe confided her ſtory to a ſtranger; even an Engliſh woman, in that diſtant region, ſurrounded only by half-civilized mountaineers, would have felt confidence ſpringing in her boſom towards a perſon who could underſtand and pity her feelings; but it required leſs than the ſolitude of Alpine mountains to have led Madame C—— to unfold her heart. The French are naturally communicative; they neither practice, nor comprehend, that reſerve which belongs to the Engliſh character, and which ſometimes has its ſource in delicacy, ſometimes in pride.

Whatever the French feel or ſuffer, hope or fear is readily imparted to the whole circle

cle of their ſociety; even perſonal infirmities and mental defects, of which the poſſeſſor happens to be conſcious, are all made known without heſitation; poverty itſelf, which in England we are ſo careful to conceal, coſts the French no ſuch trouble; nor have they any idea of enduring the ſmalleſt privation, in order to hide their circumſtances or make a better appearance to the world.

But to return to Madame C——, who was the daughter of a nobleman of high rank, and who, at ſixteen years of age, had married Monſ. C——, by whom ſhe was paſſionately beloved. That Madame C—— was beloved, I could very eaſily believe, while I diſcerned the graces of her mind, and beheld the fine expreſſion of her countenance, from which ſorrow, not time, for ſhe was now only in her twenty-fourth year, had ſnatched the firſt freſh tints of beauty,

beauty, but had left an expreſſion which blended a more tender ſentiment with admiration. Monſ. C——, who deteſted the principles of the revolution as cordially as moſt men of the ſame rank, was only prevented from emigrating when firſt that event took place, by the repreſentations of his wife, whoſe more enlarged mind exulted in that change of ſyſtem which ſhe dared not openly applaud: ſhe had often wept over the miſeries of the oppreſſed people, and was more diſpoſed to rejoice in the amelioration of ſolid ſubſtantial wretchedneſs, than to lament the ideal deprivations of greatneſs. After the memorable tenth of Auguſt, ſhe had no longer power, however, to reſtrain her huſband from emigrating, and conſidering it as her firſt duty to follow his fortunes, and ſhare his deſtiny, ſhe was only prevented from going with him by his deſire that ſhe ſhould endeavour to preſerve their property, by remaining in France till

the counter-revolution arrived, which he was firmly perſuaded was at no great diſtance. After making the tour of Switzerland, he croſſed the Alps with a party of emigrants, and finding, that although the counter-revolution was on its way, its march was leſs rapid than he had expected, determined to wait for that event at Bellinzone. Not long after, that ferocious tyranny with its train of horrors, to which regal deſpotiſm was mild, and all its abuſes light, eſtabliſhed itſelf in France. Madame de C——'s correſpondence became every day more difficult and dangerous, and at length the friend to whom his letters were addreſſed declared, that if this epiſtolary intercourſe was continued, it would lead not only himſelf, but Madame C——, to the ſcaffold.

Deprived of all communication with her huſband, and a melancholy witneſs of

crimes which ſhe execrated, and of miſeries which ſhe deplored, ſhe ſoon became herſelf involved in the general calamity. All the property of Monſ. C—— was ſequeſtered, and the ſeals were placed upon every apartment of his hotel, after a ſtrict ſearch had been made for Madame C——, who eſcaped impriſonment by having found a temporary ſhelter for herſelf and her little boy, in the houſe of her friend. This perſon, a man of ſenſe and virtue, who, abhorrent of the ſanguinary meaſures which then prevailed, had, from circumſtances of a private nature, ſome influence with one high in power, and was ever ready to employ that influence for the purpoſe of doing good, or rather of averting evil, found means to ſnatch Madame C—— from danger, by obtaining paſſports for her and Victoire, as the wives of two Swiſs traders, who had come to Paris upon affairs of commerce, and were returning to their own country.

Madame C——, after thanking her friend for life, ſince life was then included in the gift of a paſſport, ſet off in the diligence to Baſil, with her little boy in her arms, and accompanied by Victoire.

During the journey Madame C—— had many alarms on account of the intemperate reſentments of her waiting-woman, who, whenever any incident happened by which ſhe was offended, was ready to betray all. Victoire was aſtoniſhed that nobody found out that ſhe was the *femme de chambre* of the lady of a *cordon rouge*, and was as angry at what ſhe conſidered as diſreſpect, to uſe the words of Johnſon, as "the Czar of Muſcovy, when he paſſed through Sweden in diſguiſe." It required many a private lecture, during the route, from Madame C——, to make Victoire preſerve the incognita; ſhe longed to burſt upon the impertinent fellow-travellers, who greeted her

with *tu toi*, *citoyenne*, and *egalité*, with a detail of all the former ſplendour of her lady, a large portion of which ſhe conſidered as reflected upon herſelf. She owned that ſhe was dying to tell them, that they were not fit company for the anti-chamber, and that this was the firſt time ſhe herſelf had ever travelled in a diligence. Madame C—— promiſed Victoire that ſhe ſhould tell all, and act the ducheſs if ſhe pleaſed, when once they had paſſed the frontier, but conjured her in the mean time, if ſhe valued her life, to be ſilent; this, however, did not prevent Victoire from declaring to an inn-keeper, who ſhe thought had uſed too familiar a tone, that ſhe would take care to prevent Monſieur from ever employing his houſe again; upon which ſhe was heartily abuſed as the diligence drove off, and met with the uſual Jacobin reproof for making uſe of that appellation, by being told that Monſieur was at Coblentz.

Madame

Madame C——, in ſpite of the imprudent ſallies of her waiting-woman, and ſome inquiries in the artleſs accents of her little boy after his papa's coach and four, reached Baſil in ſafety, where ſhe had no ſooner taken poſſeſſion of an apartment at the inn, than Victoire endeavoured to compenſate herſelf for the reſtraints of the journey, by bawling out her miſtreſs's titles to every waiter in the houſe, and recounting, with extraordinary volubility, the indignities they had ſuffered on the road. Poor Victoire, however, met with far leſs ſympathy than ſhe expected, her miſtreſs having, unfortunately for the effect of her harangues, ſtopped at the Three Kings, which is the reſort of the French Republicans, inſtead of going to the Stork, which is ſupported by the French Emigrants, and where her tales of plebeian impertinence would have produced a becoming horror.

After one night's repoſe, Madame C—— having written to announce her arrival to her huſband, and intreat him to meet her at Lucerne, immediately proceeded thither. Two days ſhe waited impatiently at Lucerne without any tidings of Monſ. C——, and fearing that her letter had miſcarried, determined, without further delay, to croſs the Alps, and joyfully ſurprize him by her appearance at Bellinzone. As ſhe drew near that city her heart ſwelled with almoſt incontrolable emotion—her huſband had, in ſome of his firſt letters to her, deſcribed the landſcape ſo much in detail, that every object ſeemed to bring his image more vividly to her mind. As ſhe paſſed over the bridge, about a mile from the town, and ſaw at a little diſtance on the right the Moeſa and the Teſſino mingling their ſtreams together, ſhe recollected his having told her, that often on the ſpot where their waters met, he leant whole hours

hours in melancholy muſing over their blended currents. She gazed eagerly, as ſhe approached the town, at the three frowning caſtles that crown the lofty hills, where ſucceſſively reſide the ſovereign bailiffs of the ſubject valley in which Bellinzone is placed. Monſ. C—— had climbed theſe hills, had traced the ſcene incloſed between their rocky heights, and ſtretching beyond the romantic valley leading to the Italian part of the Griſon territory. Mad. C—— paſſed through the gates of Bellinzone, her heart throbbing with thoſe overwhelming, thoſe delicious ſenſations, which are felt when we expect, in a few ſhort moments, again to behold the object of our deareſt affections, after a ſeparation embittered by the pangs of calamity, and the apprehenſions of danger. Thoſe delightful emotions fluſhed her cheek with the glow of animated hope, and bathed her eyes with thoſe luxurious tears, which are the attribute of

tender happineſs. Madame C——, with her little ſuite, rode up to the inn, where her huſband lived at Bellinzone, and eagerly looked round as ſhe diſmounted, in hopes that her letters had by this time arrived, and that the trampling of the horſes feet had led him to the door; for her heart told her how wakefully, had he been expected, ſhe would have liſtened to every ſound that could denote his approach, and how quickly ſhe would have ſprung to welcome him.

"Where is Monſ. C——?" ſhe inquired, with precipitation, not ſeeing him appear. Monſ. C——, the people of the inn informed her, had left their houſe three months ſince.—"Where, where is he gone?" exclaimed Madame C——, her heart ſickening with diſappointment.—He was gone to Conſtance; but this was not all—he was gone with Madame ——, who

who found Bellinzone too dull for a longer reſidence. Madame C——, without uttering another word, followed the inn-keeper into the houſe, but before ſhe had reached the apartment allotted for her fell ſenſeleſs on the ground: ſhe was carried into her chamber, and laid upon a bed, where, on recovering, ſhe found Victoire anxiouſly watching at her ſide. The unfortunate Madame C—— was only reſtored to a diſtracting ſenſe of miſery; of a ſpecies of miſery, which her feeling heart was leaſt able to ſuſtain, that of being forſaken by him, whom ſhe loved with the moſt tender, the moſt inviolable attachment.

Involved in the conſequences of his emigration, ſhe had been forced to bid a final adieu to her country; her country, which ſhe believed would one day ſhake off the horrible tyranny under which it then groaned, and which ſhe abandoned for ever with

regret;

regret; ſince ſhe felt powerfully that local attachment, which a cold ſupercilious philoſophy may call prejudice, but of which a mind of ſenſibility is ever ſtrongly ſuſceptible; in conſequence of his emigration ſhe had loſt all chance of retaining that ample property, which was the ſplendid inheritance of her child: without ſharing the intemperate violence of his political opinions, ſhe had determined to ſhare his misfortunes, and ſoften that eternal exile to which ſhe flew with reluctance, but which had been his voluntary choice. To be forſaken by him, forſaken at the very moment when mutual confidence, and unſhaken fidelity and attachment, were the dear ſole refuge left againſt the ſtorms of fate, was anguiſh inſupportable. How keenly did her breaking heart feel the ſentiment, which our divine poet has expreſſed—

" Had

" Had it pleaſed heaven
" To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
" All kinds of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
" Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
" Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes,
" I could have found in ſome place of my ſoul
" A drop of patience—
" But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
" Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
" ——— to be diſcarded thence!"—

Madame C——— knew too well the character of the lady, who was the companion of her huſband's flight, to doubt of his infidelity. Madame de ——— was a Pariſian lady of high rank, who had been diſtinguiſhed in the ancient regime for the brilliancy of her coteries, and the number of her adorers. Exquiſitely ſkilled in all thoſe meretricious arts, which too often captivate the ſenſes of the Lords of Creation, without leave of their reaſon, and even in oppoſition to all their better feelings, Madame de ——— had for many years enchained

chained in quick ſucceſſion more captives than ſhe could count at her triumphal car; had diſturbed the peace of a great number of families; had broken the heart of many a tender female, from whom ſhe had alienated the affections of a beloved huſband, by thoſe ſeductions which ſpread an alluring drapery over the form of vice, and render the ſimple charms of virtuous love inſipid to the vitiated fancy. Madame de —— was publicly known to be a woman of galantry, but this by no means prevented her being perfectly well received in the firſt circles of faſhion, where ſhe was certain to find many who rivaled her in licentious diſpoſitions, but none who eclipſed her in Circean graces.

Though her youth was now paſt, her perſon was ſtill attractive, and her gaiety and wit were inexhauſtible. The revolution diſſolved Madame de ——'s coteries, diſperſed

diſperſed her adorers, transformed Paris into a new region, where the altars of pleaſure were overthrown, where incenſe was offered at the ſhrine of a new goddeſs, and where Madame de —— was ſtunned from morning till night with the enthuſiaſtic acclamations of the vulgar, whom ſhe had been accuſtomed to conſider as only born for ſlavery and ſilence; and who now, lifting up their hoarſe voices, for ever thundered in her ear from every quarter the ſounds of liberty, and the rights of man.

The morning, after the firſt Federation, diſguſted with that ſpectacle of happineſs, and ſickening at the recollection of thoſe ſhouts of exultation, which aroſe in uniſon from half a million of aſſembled people, Madame de —— ordered poſt-horſes, and ſet out for London. Her chief ſolace in that capital conſiſted in amuſing her former Engliſh acquaintances at Paris, by whom ſhe

ſhe was well received, with ſpiteful pleaſantries upon the new order of things, fanciful definitions of liberty, and ludicrous ſketches of the raw parti-coloured volunteers, who, ſince Madame de —— drew their pictures, have ſcaled the Alps, and changed the face of Europe.

While that lady was enlivening the various tea-tables where ſhe viſited, with well-turned epigrams on democracy, ſhe was ſummoned by her friends to haſten inſtantly to France, in order to ſave her property from confiſcation, and herſelf from being comprized in the law, which placed thoſe perſons on the fatal liſt of emigrants, who did not return within a ſtated time. Madame de ——, however, with full confidence in her own powers of extricating herſelf from all ſcrapes, and overcoming all obſtacles, loitered in London till the day of grace was paſt. She at length came to Paris, and opened

opened her career in that city, by playfully jeſting in ſociety, even with perſons in authority, on the ſubject of her emigration, the events of the revolution, and her own patriotic principles. But the bloody arena of revolutionary government was at that time prepared, the victims were already marked, the horrid forms of death were about to be let looſe, and Madame de ——'s *bons-mots*, which were delightful in the ſafe vicinity of Groſvenor-ſquare, appeared very nearly allied to madneſs in the neighbourhood of the ſquare of the revolution: as the flowering foliage of the light ſhrub, which ſports gracefully with the perfumed zephyrs in the ſheltered valley, aſſumes a terrific character, when it waves over an Alpine precipice. Madame de —— finding, that under the fear of the guillotine, people were entirely inſenſible to wit; and at length being convinced, that all her witcheries and enchantments would be loſt upon

upon the fierce demagogues who were about to ſeize the reins of power, and that ſhe was even in ſome danger of the ſcaffold, ſet off for Switzerland with a falſe paſſport, accompanied by a young nobleman, who had alſo procured one for the purpoſe of joining the army of Condé.

Madame de —— had not ſucceeded in ſaving her property from ſequeſtration, and her purſe was but lightly furniſhed when ſhe left Paris; that of her fellow-traveller, however, was well filled, and Madame de —— was rich in ſpells ſo potent, that for her

"The royal banner, and all quality,
"Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war,"
—

were forgotten, till his purſe became as vacant as her own, and ſhe then ſuffered him to leave her at Bellinzone, and haſten to the army with funds ſcarcely ſufficient

to

to pay the expences of his journey. During this interregnum in Madame de ——'s conquests, Monſ. C——, in evil hour, arrived.

He was ſilent, dejected, and melancholy, which little ſuited Madame de ——'s taſte, but he was in poſſeſſion of a large ſum of money, a circumſtance which was not ill adapted to the ſtate of her finances. Madame de —— ſoon transformed herſelf into a

"Penſive nun, devout and pure,
"Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure."

It was a conſiderable time before her artillery of wiles made any impreſſion on Monſ. C——; her pride became piqued, as well as her intereſt engaged, in atchieving this new conqueſt; and Monſ. C——, after a ſiege of conſiderable length, was added to the number of her captives.

When her dominion was ſecurely eſtabliſhed, ſhe inſiſted upon leaving the ſolitudes of Bellinzone, of which ſhe had long been heartily weary, for the more congenial region of Conſtance, which, for diſſipation and pleaſure, vied with the Paris of former times; and where Monſ. de C——'s purſe furniſhed her with all the means of voluptuous luxury.

In the mean time, the unfortunate Madame C——, heedleſs of the remonſtrances of her faithful Victoire, and indifferent to the innocent prattle and ſweet careſſes of her child, paſſed ſome weeks at Bellinzone in that ſituation of mind, when every care, every affection, and every thought, are abſorbed in one deep, powerful, overwhelming ſentiment of miſery. She was rouzed from this inactive deſpondency by finding herſelf menaced with an evil which ſhe had often pitied, but once had little chance of

ever

ever feeling; this evil was poverty; not that figurative poverty which pines in artificial want, but the laſt terrible extreme of real miſery; miſery which weighs with its deepeſt preſſure on a mother's heart, when ſhe hears the complaining voice of her child, and has no power to ſupply its neceſſities. Madame C—— had left France with a ſum of money little more than ſufficient to defray the expences of her journey; but ſhe felt no anxiety on this account, as ſhe was going to join her huſband, who ſhe knew was provided, at his departure, with funds which muſt ſtill be more than ſufficient to ſupply all preſent exigencies; and for the future ſhe looked forward to the efforts of their friend in France, to reſcue ſomething from the wreck of their property.

Since her arrival at Bellinzone, ſhe had thought little on the ſubject, for amidſt the

firſt ſharp pangs of wounded affection, the lacerated heart, only awake to one ſenſation, turns with diſguſt from all the cares, the anxieties, and views of ordinary life; the world ſeems one wide cheerleſs deſart, and all that it contains, except the object we have loſt, has no power to excite an emotion of pain or pleaſure.

From this lethargy of deſpair Madame C—— was awakened, by Victoire telling her that ſhe had heard that the inn at which they lived was extremely expenſive. She immediately ſent for her bill, though without much alarm, ſince her repaſts had, ſhe thought, been too ſimple to be coſtly. The amount of the bill, however, ſo far exceeded her expectation, that when it was paid, a few remaining livres and a few trinkets were the ſole property ſhe poſſeſſed. Madame C—— looked at her child, and felt that ſhe had no moments to loſe; ſhe determined

termined to leave the inn immediately, and Victoire, after ſome reſearch, hired a ſmall chamber, containing too wretched beds, to which ſhe retired. Here Madame C——, who had her whole life been nurſed in the boſom of affluence, ſcarcely allowing herſelf the ſcanty ſuſtenance which nature requires for its preſervation, bathed her child with tears of bitterneſs, till ſometimes the infant caught the infectious ſorrow, and wept becauſe he ſaw her weep. Sometimes he inquired why his mama had no dinner; and ſometimes aſked why, ſince he was a good boy, ſhe gave him no *bons-bons* now? Victoire chearfully ſhared her lady's dry cruſt, and the only point on which they differed was, that ſhe occaſionally gave vent to a ſharp reflection on her maſter, which Madame C—— inſtantly repreſſed; upon which Victoire uſually left the room, and indulged her feelings, as well as her loqua-

city, by relating the ſtory, in terms little meaſured, to the whole neighbourhood.

Madame C—— perceived with anguiſh, which can be ill defined, that, notwithſtanding all the privations maternal tenderneſs could deviſe or practiſe, her little funds were almoſt entirely exhauſted; and ſhe had now recourſe to her watch and rings, as the laſt means of averting want from her child. Victoire was forced to part with theſe relicks of former ſplendor at a price far below their value: alas! in ſuch ſort of conventions there is uſually an unequal conflict between rapacity and diſtreſs; but at that period the ſame ſad neceſſity had forced ſo many unfortunate fugitives to relinquiſh, like Madame C——, the appendages of departed opulence, that the quantity of jewels, trinkets, and watches, offered for ſale in Switzerland, had naturally diminiſhed their worth.

With

With a trembling hand Madame C—— received the produce of her laſt reſources, while ſhe anticipated the moment, when they would altogether fail. The people of the town, where ſhe had alighted, had before her arrival, diſpatched the letter to Monſ. C——, which ſhe had ſent him from Baſil, but ſhe had received no tidings of him in return; it was therefore evident, that he was unaffected by her ſituation, that he was careleſs of her fate, that he thought of her no more! Amidſt the bitterneſs of of thoſe reflections, how eagerly would ſhe have welcomed that death to which he abandoned her, but that ſhe muſt leave her child to periſh. She had not neglected to inform her friend in France of her circumſtances; but her letter, which it was death to receive, had to travel by a route ſo circuitous, and to paſs through ſo many hands before it reached him, that nothing could be more uncertain than its arrival.

With a frame languid from ſuffering, and a heart deſolate with deſpair, Madame C——w was one evening ſitting in her wretched ſhed, loſt in gloomy meditation, when Victoire, who had been out in ſearch of their little daily ſupplies, haſtily entered the room, and told her, that having been to pay a viſit to the people of the inn, where they had lodged, and where ſhe had been talking of her lady's misfortunes, a perſon who was preſent ſaid, that if Madame could embroider waiſtcoats, work cravats, or draw landſcapes, ſhe would undertake to ſell them to the miſtreſs of the principal inn at Surſee, who made it her buſineſs to diſpoſe of ſuch little ſort of works, which were executed by ſome emigrant ladies who lived in that town; and ſhe was ſure the ſame benevolent perſon would do as much for Madame, when ſhe knew her ſtory.

Victoire had proceeded thus far, when Madame C—— threw herſelf on her knees, and poured forth a fervent thankſgiving; ſhe then folded her little boy to her boſom, and inſtantly diſpatched Victoire to make known how thankfully ſhe accepted this bleſſed offer. Early the next morning the neceſſary materials were purchaſed, and Madame C——, with eager alacrity, began her taſk. While ſhe contemplated the firſt elegant performance, which advanced rapidly beneath her creating hand, tears of ſoothing pleaſure, tears which it was luxury to ſhed, guſhed from her eyes. To have the power of applying thoſe accompliſhments, which ſhe had only cultivated as the amuſement of a ſolitary hour, to the dear, the precious purpoſe of ſuſtaining her child, filled her mind with the ſweeteſt ſenſations of maternal tenderneſs—it was delight, elevated by the noble conſciouſneſs of duty—it was an effort of virtue, which, while it ſhielded

the object of her fond ſolicitude from ſuffering, was interwoven with an immediate recompenſe in the ſoothing effect it produced on her own mind. Since, amidſt continual occupation, that gloomy deſpondency, which in ſtillneſs and ſolitude brooded over its own turbulent wretchedneſs, was ſoftened into milder ſorrow, and engroſſed by the unceaſing care of providing for her child, the image of its father, which uſed to call forth the wild agonies of diſappointed paſſion, but now awakened a tender melancholy, which reſignation tempered. The only moments which Madame C—— gave to leiſure, and the indulgence of her feelings, were thoſe of twilight, when, after the unremitting labours of the long ſummer day, ſhe uſually left her little boy to the care of Victoire, and walking out alone amidſt thoſe ſcenes of ſolemn grandeur, indulged that mournful muſing, when the mind wanders over its vaniſhed pleaſures,

and

and tears, which flow without controul, embalm the paſt!

In one of thoſe ſolitary walks, ſeated on the fragment of a rock, near the torrent-ſtream, the hoarſe noiſe of whoſe melancholy waters were congenial to her meditations, the chain of penſive thought was ſuddenly broken by the tread of an approaching footſtep. She caſt up her eyes, and beheld Monſ. C——, who, pale, and trembling with emotion, threw himſelf at her feet, claſped her knees in unutterable agony, and at length told her in broken accents, that he came not to ſolicit her forgiveneſs, but to die in her preſence—that feeling he had but a ſhort time to live, he had ventured to behold her once more, not to attempt any extenuation of his guilt, or to declare how much he abhorred himſelf for the paſt, but merely to explain the appearance of that

barbarous

barbarous neglect, in which ſhe had been left at Bellinzone.

Monſ. C—— then, after execrating the deluſion, by which he had been ſo fatally miſled, related, that having taken an excurſion into Germany, at the period when her letter arrived, he had only received it two months after it was dated. Rouzed as from an hideous dream, ſeized with the pangs of remorſe at his own conduct, and feeling every ſentiment of renewed tenderneſs awakened in his heart by the image of her ſufferings, he inſtantly declared to Madame —— his reſolution to haſten to Bellinzone. No intelligence, he perceived, could be more agreeable to that lady, and not long after he diſcovered the reaſon, by hearing that ſhe was gone to Vienna with a German Count, the owner of a brilliant equipage, with whom ſhe became acquainted during

during their excurſion, and who had followed her to Conſtance. Monſ. C—— added, that having himſelf ſet out on foot from that city, being determined not to ſpend on the indulgence of a carriage the few louis he had yet in reſerve, the violent emotions of his mind, joined to exceſſive fatigue of body, by taking journeys too rapid, in order to accelerate his arrival, produced a dangerous fever. At a little village-inn, where he lay for ſeveral weeks ſtretched upon a ſolitary bed of ſickneſs, he had perhaps, he ſaid, in ſome meaſure atoned for the paſt, by the bitterneſs of his regrets, by that anguiſh—he was proceeding, when Madame C—— threw herſelf upon his neck, bathed his boſom with her tears, conjured him for ever to forget the paſt, and declared, that her ſufferings had already vaniſhed in the hope of his returning affection.

When

When Madame C——, with ſoft perſuaſion, had ſomewhat reconciled her huſband to himſelf, and a calm confidential converſation had ſucceeded the tumultuous emotions of their firſt meeting, they bent their way to the little apartment which was now their ſole habitation, and which he had not yet entered; ſince having learned from the people of the houſe, in Victoire's abſence, which path Madame C—— had taken for her evening walk, he had inſtantly haſtened to the ſpot. They had ſcarcely reached the chamber, when his little boy ſprung forward to meet him, clung upon his neck, called him his dear, dear papa, and reiterated his careſſes till Monſ. C——, overcome with faintneſs, agitation, and fatigue, ſunk ſenſeleſs on a chair. Madame C—— wept at obſerving his emaciated figure, and his pale and haggard look; and Victoire, ſhe perceived, tried to ſqueeze out a tear too, but not ſucceeding, all ſhe could

do

do was to wipe her eyes carefully with her handkerchief. Victoire was probably thinking more of the dry crusts on which she had dined occasionally, and which sort of repasts she attributed to her master's conduct, than of his sickly countenance. Madame C—— found nothing more difficult than to restrain Victoire's loquacity, who contrived, whenever she had an opportunity in the course of the evening, to relate the hardships they had suffered with a spiteful minuteness of detail—how Madame breakfasted upon cold water instead of coffee, and dined sometimes upon lentil-soup, and sometimes not at all; and how she gained two livres a-day by drawing and embroidery.

This last intelligence was more than Mons. C—— could bear; he hid his face with his hands, sprung from his chair, and walked in a disordered manner up and down

down the room. Madame angrily impoſed ſilence on Victoire, who, taking the hint, declared that ſhe was *au deſeſpoir* at having afflicted Monſieur, for whom ſhe felt the moſt profound reſpect, and then left the room, in order, probably, to talk over his tranſgreſſions to the whole neighbourhood. She ſtaid ſo long, that Madame C—— was forced to go in ſearch of her, and as ſhe approached, heard her ſaying, "to be ſure I don't forget that Monſieur is a *cordon rouge* after all, and therefore not made to give an account of his actions to any body; but then when I think of my dear lady"—here Victoire was interrupted in her unfiniſhed ſpeech.

Monſieur had a return of his fever, which laſted ſome weeks; and, at length, believing he had ſuffered ſufficient penance, Victoire graciouſly accorded him her forgiveneſs. A ſhort time after

after, the return of Monſ. C——, a letter arrived from their friend in France, with tidings that he had ſecured for Madame C—— a ſum ſufficient to produce a little revenue, which would place her out of the reach of want, and which ſum was depoſited in the hands of a Swiſs banker. Upon receiving this intelligence, they determined to leave their wretched apartment, and having, in their rambles along the wild valley leading to the Griſons, diſcovered a neat vacant cottage, they hired it for the ſummer; there Monſ. C—— hoped to recover his health amidſt the ſalubrious breezes from the hills, and his peace of mind amidſt the calm and ſoothing ſenſations which the ſimple beauties of unadorned nature can beſt excite.

After repeated viſits to her charming cottage, I bade Madame C—— a long, reluctant farewell; and have ſince heard,

with delight, that ſhe continues in the privacy of her retreat to enjoy that domeſtic bliſs, which, to ſenſibility like hers, is the firſt of bleſſings, ſhe has a mind capable of relinquiſhing rank and ſplendor without a ſigh, ſince ſhe has found happineſs in exchange.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Viſit to the Griſons.—Diſcuſſion on the Revolution.

IN one of our rides near Bellinzone, we made an excurſion along a valley belonging to the Griſons. Fatigued with the beams of the noon day ſun, we looked around for the inn of the village, and accepted the invitation of a perſon, of whom we made the inquiry, and over whoſe door we ſaw an inſcription that denoted the aſylum, of which we were in ſearch. The hour of dinner was paſt in the valley, but a plentiful collation of fruits, wine, and cakes, were ſet before us. On our entrance we found three or four perſons in warm political debate; but the principal diſputants were a gentleman of Turin, who had lately paſſed ſome time at Paris, and a young ec-

cleſiaſtic belonging to an adjoining village. As the ſubject of diſpute was the revolution which had juſt then taken place in the Griſons, we were led to aſk for information reſpecting it.

The native of Turin informed us, that that event was nothing but the tranſitory commotion of an ignorant and tumultuous mob, that on ſome idle pretence had aſſembled together to correct abuſes that did not exiſt, had ſeized on the government of the country, committed great depredations on the property of individuals, and were on the point of being reduced to their primitive nothingneſs, as the good ſenſe of the country revolted againſt proceedings ſo deſtructive of peace and order. The eccleſiaſtic liſtened with conſiderable impatience to the end of the harangue, when, with an eloquent volubility, that proved how earneſtly his heart was engaged in the cauſe, he

he ran over the long liſt of tyrannies exerciſed on the people by the Ariſtocratic governments, which had juſt been overthrown. He atteſted that this tumultuous rabble was a regular aſſembly of the repreſentatives of the people deputed from each commune, and who had met as a legal convention to reform in the moſt conſtitutional manner thoſe abuſes. He aſſured us, that ſo far from committing depredations on property, perhaps the only blame to be caſt on the convention, was the lenity with which they had treated thoſe offences, which had neceſſitated the change of government, ſince all they had done was to order a repayment into the public treaſury from each defaulter of the unaccounted monies; but this was exacted in ſuch ſmall proportions, that the ſentence ſeemed rather an invitation to offence than a puniſhment for paſt depredations.

The reforms in the future adminiſtration, he aſſerted, were not leſs mild than the lenity exerciſed againſt the abuſes of the paſt. The people were relieved from the burden of taxes that were never applied by their former governors to the ſervice of the ſtate, and the feudal rights of the nobility were aboliſhed; that with the exception of the ſlight retributions made to the public purſe, and the loſs of certain privileges, by more equality in the regulations of commerce, the nobles had nothing to lament, but a degree of influence, which they ought never to have poſſeſſed, and were even permitted to retain all the inſignia of their ancient dominion, all the decorations of family and title. So far, continued our eccleſiaſtic, was this aſſembly of the people from being reduced to what was called primitive nothingneſs, that having only before them certain ſimple objects of reform, in which they were unanimous, they had adjourned

their

their meeting, merely becauſe they had finiſhed their work; and ſo far were they from having acted contrary to the wiſh of their conſtituents, that he believed, except from thoſe who were immediately intereſted in the continuance of ancient abuſes, there was but one voice throughout the whole country, that of enthuſiaſm for the recovery of their rights, which, if again attacked, all were ready to defend, or periſh in the attempt *.

The reply of the Piedmonteſe to his an-

* It appears that this young eccleſiaſtic had formed too favourable an opinion of his new governors on the other ſide of the mountain; and it is probable, that he and the other inhabitants of the Valley of Miſox have ſince changed their manner of thinking: ſince it is ſaid, that the people of this valley, now the only part of the Griſon dominions on the ſouthern ſide of the Alps, have ſolicited their junction to the Ciſalpine republic; between which two countries are ſituated the Italian bailiwicks.

tagoniſt was witty and ſarcaſtic; but it was eaſy to perceive, by the triumph painted in the countenances of the by-ſtanders, that the prieſt had echoed their own ſentiments. Our inn-keeper joined in the converſation, with an authority equal to his gueſts; but though deeply intereſted in the debate, was careful to go at certain intervals with a ſpoonful of lemonade to wet the parched lips of a feveriſh infant, who lay in its cradle in a corner of the room. Its ſiſter, a girl of ſix years of age, dreſt in a blue bodice, and ſhort red petticoat, with her feet and legs bare, and whoſe cheek fluſhed with the cleareſt bloom of health, and eye ſparking with ſprightlineſs, formed a ſtriking contraſt to the languid look of the pale baby, ſtood patiently at the ſide of its cradle, with a large vine-branch in her hand, which ſhe waved backwards and forwards to prevent the numerous flies, that noon brings forth in that country, from

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teizing the ſick child. There was ſomething ſo attractive in this domeſtic groupe, that they often made me forget the Griſon revolution.

Two hours had glided away before we thought of ordering our horſes, when we received a moſt cordial invitation from a venerable old man of the party, to paſs a few days at his dwelling, in our paſſage over his mountains, having heard that we propoſed returning through the Griſon country.

We were not a little embarraſſed at the miſtake we had made, when upon inquiring what expence we had incurred, our hoſt replied, that the only recompenſe he deſired was our ſpeedy return at an earlier hour to dinner: when we ſhould be received, not as he ſaw we ſuppoſed ourſelves at an inn, but at the habitation of a friend,

a friend, who would be thankful for the favour. Our inn-keeper proved, on inquiry, to be the principal magiſtrate of the diſtrict, and the inſcription, which we had taken for a ſign, was an ornament over the door of his houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Val Calenca State of Society.—Journey up St. Bernardin.—Lavanges.—Griſon Hoſpitality.—Paſtoral Occupations.

WE did not fail, on leaving the Italian vallies, to paſs two days with our hoſpitable hoſt, the greater part of which were ſpent in excurſions amongſt the mountains, particularly thoſe of the Val Calenca, which is one of the four diſtricts of this juriſdiction, called the high juriſdiction of the Valley of Miſox. A rapid torrent flowing from the Glaciers of the Bird Mountain, runs noiſily through the Valley of Valenca, and throws itſelf into the Moeſa. We paſſed through ſeveral villages, but ſtopped to repoſe ourſelves at Santa Maria, the capital of the Valley, where we ſaw a magnificent

church dedicated to the Virgin. The laſt village in this diſtrict, or the neareſt to the Glaciers, is Val Bella, or the Beautiful Valley; but as we were aſſured that the place did not at all correſpond with the name, we diſcontinued our journey thither. This valley, ſituated between the mountains of Val Bienna and thoſe of the Valley of Miſox, is extenſive, but for the moſt part wild and barren; it is not eaſy to find a place in the world ſo little known to it, as this ſecluded and ſavage nook. The ungrateful ſoil prompts the inhabitants to periodical emigrations; the ſummer is ſpent in the native hut, and the winter is the ſeaſon of travel and obſervation, the expences of which are defrayed by the produce of their manufactures, ſuch as baſkets, pitch, grinding-ſtones, and other territorial mountainous productions, which they ſell in Italy. Thoſe who are not engaged in commercial projects, and the wives and children of

thoſe

thoſe who are, follow other ſpeculations of profit, among which are thoſe of begging and predicting the *buona aventura*, or telling fortunes.

After taking leave of our kind hoſt, we proceeded on our journey along the Valley of Miſox towards the Bernardin mountains. This valley is one of the four high juriſdictions below the woods, into which the Griſon league is divided. The ancient inhabitants are known in hiſtory under the general term of the Lepontii, but their deſcendants were ſucceſſively ſubject to the Biſhop of Como, the Counts of Saxe, and the family of the Trivulci. In the middle of the ſixteenth century, the inhabitants purchaſed their freedom of this family for twenty-five thouſand florins, and joined themſelves to the Griſon league, who have maintained the confederacy, notwithſtanding the various attempts which have been

ſince

ſince made to deprive them of their liberty.

The road, for ſeveral miles, is perfectly level along the Moeſa, and the valley ſufficiently extenſive to admit of fine cultivation, contains a number of handſome villages; but after paſſing the confluence of this ſtream with the torrent of Calenca, the valley becomes ſo narrow as to admit little more ſpace between the mountains than for the path and the river. Here we were once more among rocks, torrents, and cliffs loaded with woods, preſenting not only parts of the mountain ſcenery, to which we were now accuſtomed, but from the great depth of the valley cloſed in by ſurrounding mountains, caſting a kind of gloomy light over the wild landſcape, that ſtrongly excited in the mind that ſenſation of melancholy which Pope has characteriſed,

"Breathing a browner horror o'er the woods."

Before

Before we came to the end of this lower valley, where the mountain, direct in front, lofty and abrupt, ſeemed to preclude all poſſibility of proceeding, we paſſed for a conſiderable way over a road entirely broken up, and which diſplayed the roots of larches, pines, and other mountain trees, mingled with vaſt mounds of gravelly ſtones and maſſes of rock. This deſolation had been cauſed by a deluge from the upper mountains, on the ſudden melting of the ſnows in the ſpring from an inceſſant rain, which laſted ſeveral days, accompanied by guſts of warm winds, like the Sirocco of Italy. The openings into the ravines of the mountains where the ſnow had drifted, and from its maſs had reſiſted the influence of the heat which melted the thinner layers, ſerved as ſluice-gates to the ſea of waters which they ingulphed. The increaſing weight of thoſe waters from the melting of the ſnows above, together with the

the decreaſe in the reſiſting maſs beneath, from the heat and the rain, prepared at length the cataſtrophe, by the giving way of the icy barrier.

Language can but feebly paint the ſublime and terrific effects of this deluge of the mountainous ſea. Had our poet, Thomſon, beheld this mighty devaſtation, his glowing imagination would have preſented us with far other images than thoſe of

" Herds and flocks, and travellers and ſwains,
" And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
" Or hamlets ſleeping in the dread of night;"

the feeble works of human art and induſtry hurled beneath the ſmothering ruins. He would have viewed the lofty pine, the ancient inhabitant of the Alps, whoſe roots have been riveted for ages to the ſoil, ſwept away, by the horrible flood, like the chaff; the rocks, coeval with time, and which

ſeemed

ſeemed fixed on the ſolid globe till time ſhall be no longer, torn from their baſe with irreſiſtible fury, and rolled, in one wild convulſive commotion, down the tremendous precipices, riving up the affrighted ſoil, in their deſcent, and covering the fertile paſturage and rich champain with irreparable deſolation.

A narrow paſs cut out of a fantaſtic rock, hanging over the Moeſa, which forms a bay in the plain, brought us to the foot of this perpendicular mountain, down whoſe dark wooded and ſhaggy precipices we heard the torrent roaring, but which their projecting ſides concealed from our view. We appeared to be incloſed between inacceſſible heights; there was no paſſage diſcoverable like that of the cavern which leads from the devil's bridge into the Valley of Urſeren, and it would have exerciſed the imagination, to have built even an ideal road

by which the aſcent could be gained. The mountaineers, however, had overcome the difficulty; on that ſide of the mountain which was the moſt ſloping, or rather the leaſt perpendicular, a road was cut in traverſe directions to the end of the ſlope, whence it was returned in an angle, ſufficiently broad to permit the aſcent of cattle, and ſo continued from one ſide to the other ſupported by beams of wood, either for the preſervation of the way, or to keep the traveller from ſtumbling over the precipice, till after laborious climbing it brings him to the ſummit.

Like the paſſage into the Valley of Urſeren, the plain on the top of this mountain preſented us with ſcenes altogether different from thoſe which we had left beneath. It is generally in the lower valleys, which ſerve as canals or outlets to the mountains, that we find thoſe romantic and pictureſque objects,

objects, on which we gaze with delight and aſtoniſhment. In the upper mountains, nature has caſt off the fantaſtic and varied garb of rock, and cliff, and torrent, for a robe more ſimple and majeſtic; the ſcene takes a larger ſweep, the foreſt is more extenſive, and the hills ſwell with a more noble grace one above the other.

So few are the travellers who paſs this mountain, the principal paſſages acroſs the Alps being thoſe of St. Gothard and Splugen, that the viſit of ſtrangers is an event of ſome importance. On our approach to a village emboſomed in trees, forming the middle point of an amphitheatre of a beautiful range of hills, covered with the freſheſt verdure, we diſcovered our venerable friend walking haſtily towards us, with a pretty little mountain nymph, his grand-daughter, in one hand, and a large oaken ſtaff in the other, which he ſhook at us with a ſmile

of reproach, declaring that he had waited dinner three hours beyond his uſual time, having had news of us early in the morning, and that he could not imagine why we had loitered ſo long on the way. We found a plentiful repaſt prepared for us, conſiſting of beaſts and birds of the foreſt, and were informed that we ſhould not be ſuffered to depart till the proviſion was expended, which the hunting of the two preceding days had furniſhed.

The old man's family conſiſted of a daughter and her two children, the one a youth of twenty, and the other the pretty little mountaineer of ſixteen years of age, who had come with her grandfather to meet us; his ſon-in-law, who was then gone on ſome affairs to Chiavenna, was expected home before our departure. We ſpent the remainder of the day in walking among theſe romantic and paſtoral ſcenes, and the

next we made a family party up the mountain, to dine in one of his ſhepherd's huts, by the ſide of a fine caſcade, which, having found out my enthuſiaſm for ſuch objects, he told me he was ſure I ſhould find worth the toil of the viſit. The torrent formed part of a beautiful landſcape, and played in ſucceſſive cataracts over rocks that were pictureſque; but we had ſeen too much of the Reuſs and the Teſſino, to find in theſe falling waters any new charm, except that they were incloſed by green banks inſtead of ſhaggy rocks.

Theſe hills appeared, from their verdure, to be in the higheſt ſtate of mountainous cultivation. The ſpot was not ſo elevated as to be out of the reach of the parching ſunbeam, and little channels cut along the ſide of the ſlopes, drew the water away from the idle torrent to fertilize the adjoining paſtures. On the greater part of theſe hills

the hay had already been cut. Some yet lay on the ground, which, from the mountain flowers and herbs, ſcented the air with the moſt delicious fragrance. While theſe hills are laid up for harveſt, the ſhepherd removes to the Upper Alps, aſcending with his cattle to crop the herbage of thoſe higher hills, as they are ſucceſſively deprived of their ſnows. Here he ſpends a ſolitary and cheerleſs life through the ſhort ſummer, and returns in the autumn to the huts in the lower vallies, where he remains ſhut up with his cattle to conſume the proviſion which he has prepared for winter. The life of the ſhepherd of the Alps is very different from that of the ſhepherd of Arcadia; but from the little intercourſe which he holds with any ſociety whatever, except the beaſts which he feeds, his wants are only thoſe of nature, and conſequently few: the intemperance of the ſeaſon finds him prepared to meet it without

ſhrinking

ſhrinking, and the winter ſtorm flies harmleſs over his head, whoſe phyſical feelings are hardened to the icy temperature of his mountains, and who is accuſtomed to

"Breaſt the keen air, and carol as he goes."

Sometimes indeed the patience of the ſhepherd expires before the winter, when he perceives, which ſometimes happens, that his ſtock decays faſter than the ſummer approaches,

Theſe paſturages are not ſufficiently ſteep for avalanches, but higher up the mountain, partial miſchiefs are occaſioned by their deſcent; and ſometimes ſhepherds, huts, and cattle, are loſt for a while under immenſe drifts of ſnow, which the impetuous winds have ſent in that direction. It was difficult for us, the inhabitants of the lower world, to conceive that the change of

ſeaſons could make ſo barren and cheerleſs a deſart of ſo beautiful and fertile a country, as that which we beheld, ſeated at our rural repaſt before the ſhepherd's door; around which the cattle were browzing, or lay baſking in the noon-tide ſun-beam. That the ſummer might be paſſed agreeably amidſt theſe mountains, we could eaſily believe; for ſurely there are few ſpots on the globe, that can boaſt a more boundleſs ſtore

" Of charms, which nature to her vot'ry yields;
" The warbling woodland, and the torrent's roar,
" The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
" All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
" And all that echoes to the ſong of even;
" All that the mountain's ſhelt'ring boſom ſhields,
" And all the dread magnificence of heaven;"

But the winter muſt indeed be gloomily deſolate to thoſe, who, above the claſs of the peaſant, and having no taſte for literature, are immured in theſe inſulated regions, which

which at that ſeaſon become altogether impaſſable.

My pretty little companion anſwered my queſtions, reſpecting her winter occupations, by telling me, that ſhe had returned from ſchool at Bellinzone the ſummer before, and had employed the laſt winter in ſpinning and making her grandfather a large quantity of ſhirts, had worked a flowered gown for herſelf, and read half of an abridgment of Guicciardini's Hiſtory of the Wars of Italy, and two or three volumes of Goldoni's Plays.

We bade adieu, with reluctance, to our patriarchal hoſt: I could have loitered with pleaſure yet a little longer in his hoſpitable dwelling. How ſoothing was this ſcene of tranquil pleaſure—how delightful a tranſition from the crimes of ferocious tyranny were the paſtoral occupa-

tions and guiltleſs manners of thoſe Alpine regions! At a village, a few miles further up the mountain, where the whole family conducted us, we paſſed one more ſocial hour at breakfaſt, and then finally taking leave of them, impreſſed with the moſt agreeable recollection of their ſimple kindneſs, we began to climb the ſtupendous ſummits of their mountains, the haunts of eternal winter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

St. Bernardin.—Miſery of the Shepherd's Life.—Emigrant Prieſt.—Summit of St. Bernardin.—Firſt View of the Rhine.

THE Alps, which we traverſed in our aſcent, wear, with little variation, the ſame ſmiling aſpect as in the regions below. When the mountaineers ſpeak of the Alps, they do not mean thoſe long chains of icy or barren mountains, to which we give that appellation, and which, in our language, implies height. In the mountain dialect that term conveys the idea of fertility; and when the inhabitants talk of the Alps, they always mean ſpots of mountain paſturage. The *Gletſcher*, the *Horn*, the *Stork*, are denominations, by which they diſtinguiſh different parts of theſe mountains, and

and the terms of rocky or ice-covered Alps, would to them be unintelligible.

Having climbed to the village of St. Bernardin, and finding ourſelves within the influence of the Glaciers, which we ſaw ſtretching far before us, we concluded, that we had nearly reached the ſummit, but learnt that we had yet a league of very rough aſcent to paſs over before we ſhould begin to deſcend on the other ſide. We made a halt at the village of St. Bernardin, if two or three houſes, one of which is an inn, and a little building, dignified by the name of a chapel, can be called a village. The country around wears a cheerleſs, ſolitary aſpect. We were not got beyond the reach of vegetation; but it was a vegetation that made the barrenneſs of the ſoil more viſible. The inhabitant of the Lower Alps ſhares no property in this ſterile region: the wandering ſhepherd of the plains alone

ſteals

ſteals the winged days of ſummer, to lead over an unappropriated ſoil his ragged and ill-favoured flock. His miſerable hut is compoſed of pieces of rock, through the crannies of which the wind and the rain pour without reſiſtance. His chief and almoſt unvaried food is oatmeal and water; for the ſoil would reward no cultivation: bread is the produce only of climates far below; he is bereaved even of the moſt common enjoyments of ſocial life.

In theſe regions, however, we found one inhabitant of poliſhed manners, and lettered accompliſhments. A baniſhed vicar general of one of the principal dioceſes of France was dragging on exiſtence amidſt theſe inhoſpitable climes, barred from all communication with the world during the long winter, and ſupported by the miſerable endowment of the chapel, amounting to ſix or ſeven louis a year, and the coarſe charity

of

of the rude mountaineers, who were his ſole aſſociates. He told us, that his breviary, his bible, and his Ovid, were his only ſolace; that from the one he endeavoured to teach himſelf reſignation to the will of heaven, and from the other to ſooth his mind, by ſympathizing with an exiled fellow ſufferer, who, baniſhed from the delights of a court to the deſarts of Scythia, could ſcarcely have found them more dreary than the ſummit of St. Bernardin. Here alſo he might have exclaimed with the poet:

"Forced from my native ſeats, and ſacred home,
"Friendleſs, alone, through Scythian wilds to roam;
"With trembling knees o'er unknown hills I go,
"Stiff with blue ice and heap'd with drifted ſnow;
"Pale ſuns there ſtrike their feeble rays in vain,
"Which faintly glance againſt the marble plain."

Mrs. BARBAULD.

He

He had been vaguely informed of the fall of Robeſpierre, and the return of a milder ſyſtem; and he inquired with ſuch ſolicitude if there was no hope of his being permitted to reviſit his country, that it would have been cruel to rob his ſorrows of that fond illuſion. We left this unfortunate ſtranger with ſincere regret, that we had no power to extricate him from a ſituation which ſeemed almoſt inſupportable.

We now began to ſcale the remainder of the mountain, and though we felt the icy breeze from the neighbouring Glaciers, we eſcaped any diſagreeable ſenſations of cold by the frequent exerciſe of walking, the road being often too ſteep or too dangerous to continue on horſeback. We alſo enjoyed the rays of a cloudleſs ſun, more brilliant, indeed, than genial, from the extreme rarefaction of the atmoſphere at this elevation. We had been told at Bellinzone that the

mountain, for two leagues, is always covered with a conſiderable quantity of ſnow, but without having paſſed any, we attained the ſummit.

The top of St. Bernardin affords nothing that is ſtriking, except its deſolate uniformity; here are no maſſes of enormous rock, no tremendous precipices, no yawning chaſms; no object pictureſque or aweful. The ſtorms of ages have not only ſtript it of the means of vegetation, by waſhing away every veſtige of ſoil, but have humbled the rocks, if any once ſtood prominent, to a modeſt level with the waſte. The mountain ſtill riſing on the right, conceals the Glaciers that ſeparate the Griſons from the Valteline, but on the left the eye wanders far over thoſe regions of eternal froſt, which are formed by the eaſtern extremity of that chain of mountains, known to the antients under the name of the Adula.

In

In the front the view extends acroſs the valley of the Rhine, to the Glaciers that ſeparate it from the other vallies of the Griſons. We ſeemed within reach of thoſe Glaciers which we beheld falling, like an immenſe veil, down the mountain below our preſent elevation, and were eager to tread their gloſſy ſurface; but were told that a paſſage acroſs from St. Bernardin was impracticable.

After repoſing ourſelves on the ſummit, amidſt this chaos of unvivified nature, we began to deſcend on the northern ſide. The mountains we had juſt ſcaled were ſo abruptly thrown back, that we could diſcern no farther in a direct line before us, than the hill which we were immediately aſcending, and often believed we had attained the ſummit before we had conquered half the road. On the other ſide we were preſented with a majeſtic ſweep down the

mountain, and along the lofty hills that inclose the valley of the Rhine, ſtretching away to the piny foreſts riſing above the Vale of Splugen. After deſcending a conſiderable way almoſt perpendicularly, but on a firm and well-conſtructed road, we came in view of that celebrated river which we had lately beheld bearing its thundering maſs of waters to the ocean, but which, now juſt ſpringing from its ſource, ſteals placidly along the quiet valley, ſoft as the firſt ſleep of infancy after it has waked to new exiſtence.

END OF VOL. I.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM